

Enlarged



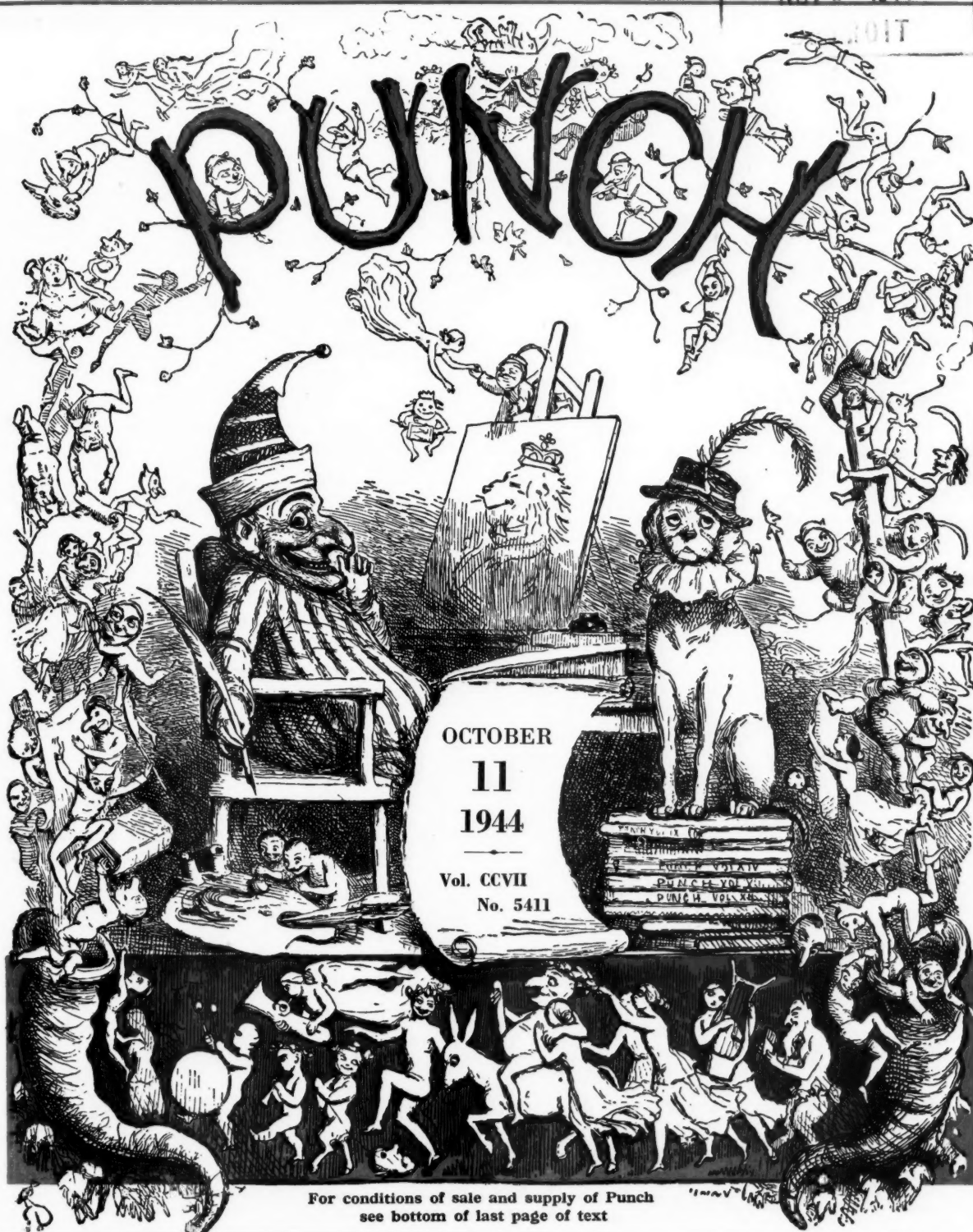
Remember

CADBURY

means quality

NOV 6 1944

1944

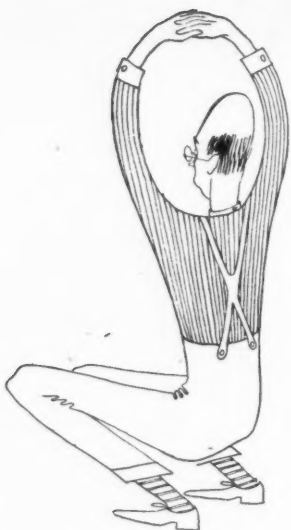


For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

**CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE L<sup>TD</sup>.**  
**CORPORATION**

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.



## PLANNING TAKES THE CHAIR

Pel designers have taken off their coats and are getting down to the development of tubular steel furniture. Planning has assumed the popularity of a new parlour game and we are determined that as soon as priority work allows, this vast army of planners shall do its thinking in comfort. It shall be supported, morally as well as physically, by furniture of the very best design.



MADE BY PEL LTD · OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM



*It's what  
we've always wanted ...*

**A really cold  
LARDER where  
all our food  
will keep!**



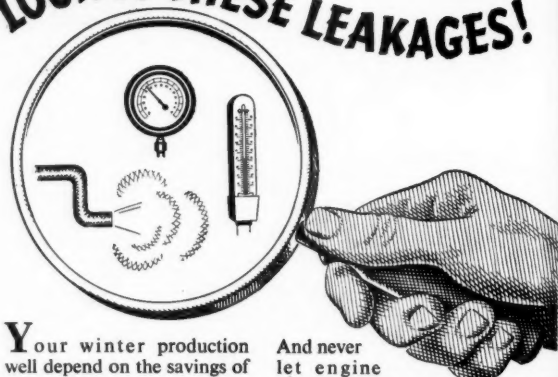
The idea is so simple—  
the **FRIGIDAIRE LARDER CONDITIONER** ★  
(that's its name) will keep the temperature less than  
50°F. all the year round.

I do hope the building planners know about it  
—it's just what we want for our new post-war  
homes. I'm going to look out for it.

# FRIGIDAIRE

FRIGIDAIRE LTD., EDGWARE ROAD, THE HYDE, N.W.9

## LOOK TO THESE LEAKAGES!



**Y**our winter production may well depend on the savings of fuel you make in your factory now. Only a determined drive by management will bring results. Study the following suggestions. Apply them in your plant and make your steam and heat work to the limit.

Perhaps an 80-lb. steam pressure is being used where a 60-lb. one would do as well. Perhaps a liquid is heated to boiling-point when a lower temperature would do. Or your furnaces may habitually be used for small batches; concentrate the work so that they are fully loaded.

And never let engine exhaust steam or process vapour flow to waste. **Re-examine every process**—"It's always been done that way" is no guarantee that it's being done the best way.

### PRACTICAL HELP IN THE FUEL EFFICIENCY BULLETINS.

Most wasteful process habits can easily be turned into economical habits. For steam processes you need Bulletins Nos. 22, 25, 26 and 28. Refer to them again. If you've mislaid them send **TODAY** to your Regional Fuel Officer for further copies.



Issued by the Ministry of Fuel & Power

## BUT WE KNOW BETTER



**ALL** through the centuries men have sought the secret of perpetual motion. No one has ever found it—or ever will, for "there ain't no sich thing." We don't waste our time or effort trying to achieve 'miracles.' (Though our Production Manager claims he is performing them every week!) But every single Simmonds product does something better than it has been done before. The Fram Oil Cleaner for instance. Fram keeps engine oil cleaner than it has ever been kept. But we don't claim that Fram keeps oil clean and usable for ever. In short, not perfection, but a mighty useful step forward.

Perpetual Motion Wheel. "To provide and make that all the 50 lb. weights of the descending side of a 14 ft. wheel shall be perpetually further from the centre than those of the mounting side, yet equal in number and heft to one side as the other. No sooner these weights passed the diameter-line of the lower side, but they hung a foot further from the Centre, nor no sooner passed the diameter-line of the upper side but they hung a foot nearer. Be pleased to judge the consequence."

*Marquess of Worcester (circa 1638-9).*

Simmonds Aerocessories Ltd., Great West Road, London. A Company of the Simmonds Group

# SIMMONDS

LONDON · MELBOURNE · MONTREAL · PARIS · NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES

**Finding new  
and Better ways**

*All the best*



Here's hoping for quite a number of things, including fewer restrictions and more Old Angus — one of life's many amenities made scarce by war. A timely request for Old Angus is sometimes rewarded.

A NOBLE SCOTCH  
— Gentle as a lamb



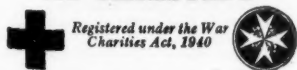
**OLD  
ANGUS**

O.A.C.

## Hidden Treasures

Stored away in "safety" there are countless Jewels, unworn, unseen. AND we have living men for whom necessities are urgently wanted . . . Prisoners of War, Sick and Wounded. A hidden treasure taken out of store and sent to the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 15 Old Bond Street, London, W.1, would help to meet that growing need through the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. Send for the next

**RED CROSS  
Jewel Sale  
AT CHRISTIE'S**



Registered under the War  
Charities Act, 1940

THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY  
*Beechams Pills  
Limited*

## Only RONSONOL and RONSON FLINTS keep Ronson Lighters 'LIGHTING-FIT'

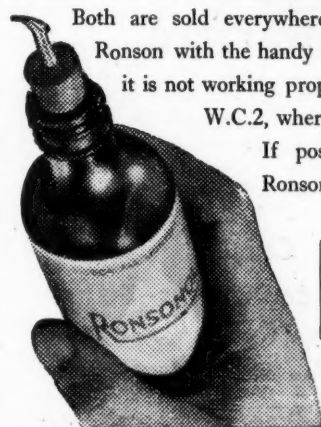
There is no substitute for Ronsonol.  
It never smokes or clogs the lighter;  
it gives an instant flash. Ronson  
flints are shaped to fit Ronson Lighters.

So use both to keep your Ronson 'lighting-fit'.

Both are sold everywhere. Service your

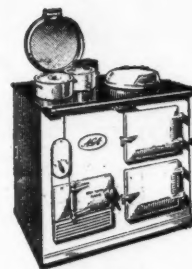
Ronson with the handy Ronson Service Outfit, or if  
it is not working properly, bring it to 112, Strand,  
W.C.2, where most repairs can be done.

If posting, please register it to  
Ronson Ltd., Leatherhead, Surrey.



**RONSON**

Ronsonol 1/6 d. bottle,  
Ronson Flint 6d. packet,  
Ronson Service Outfit 1/5d.



*You know  
where  
you are  
with an  
AGA*

Regd. Trade Mark

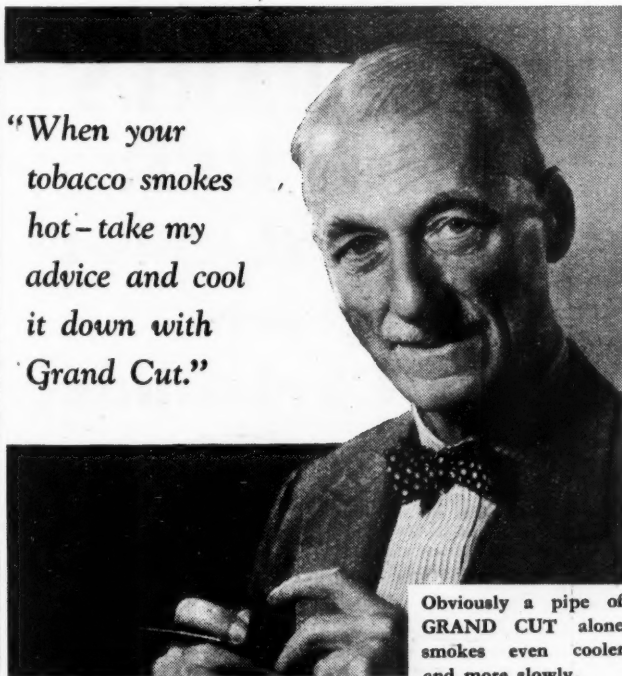
## WHAT HEAT STORAGE MEANS

Touch it — cool, clean. The heat is inside, stored to be used for cooking and nothing else. No release except by thermostatic control. The fuel is enclosed too, burning so steadily that the makers can guarantee in advance how little it will consume and how little stoking it needs. It's light work cooking with an AGA.

Made in Britain by:

AGA HEAT LIMITED  
(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.),  
Orchard House, 30 Orchard Street, W.1

"When your  
tobacco smokes  
hot — take my  
advice and cool  
it down with  
Grand Cut."



Obviously a pipe of  
GRAND CUT alone  
smokes even cooler  
and more slowly.

2 oz. **Grand Cut** 5/-

FLAKE OR READY RUBBED

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED : 1844 - 1944





## Victory through Light . .

A very large proportion of the Research manufacturing and man-power resources of the Mazda Lamp Works are now engaged in hastening the victorious end of the war. Think of this if you have any difficulty in getting Mazda Lamps for your home.



The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.,  
Crown House, Aldwych,  
London, W.C.2.

40229



For deepdown, invigorating, Inner Cleanliness be regular with your Andrews. Pleasant tasting and refreshing, Andrews cleanses the entire system: *FIRST*, it refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. *NEXT*, it settles the stomach, neutralises acidity. *THEN*, it tones up the liver, and *FINALLY*, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

## ANDREWS

TONIC, REFRESHING, HEALTH-GIVING

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

45-17



## all-in warfare

Millions of China's children know what all-in warfare means. But still China holds the Eastern wall of the United Nations. And China does more than fight. She is building new homes for the homeless. Hospitals for the wounded. Factories to supply the fighters. For all this China needs money. Give every pound or penny you can spare. Please send your gift to-day!

## Lady Cripps

## United Aid to China Fund

(Dept.1B.57) 57 New Bond Street, London, W.1  
(Regd. under War Charities Act, 1940) 'Phone Mayfair 6911/3



*Do your teeth  
complete your  
charm?*



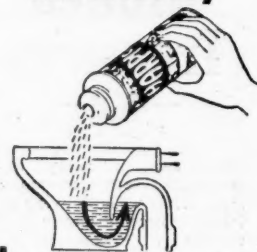
## the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film away.

1/3 & 2/2. Also  
made in powder  
form



## specially made to clean the lavatory



1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.



2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

Because it is specially made for cleaning the lavatory, Harpic does the job effectively and easily. Its thorough action removes all discoloration—cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan. Just sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible. Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

## HARPIC

# THE EARLY SHOPPER will get the best choice this Christmas

Bookbuyers especially  
are advised to choose  
books from the shelves  
while there is still a  
good selection available

*Shop very early  
—it's not too soon  
to start NOW*



A Reminder from

## W. H. SMITH & SON

NEWSAGENTS • BOOKSELLERS • STATIONERS • PRINTERS  
BOOKBINDERS • ADVERTISING AGENTS • LENDING LIBRARY

1500 BOOKSHOPS IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

Head Office: W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., Strand House, London, W.C.2



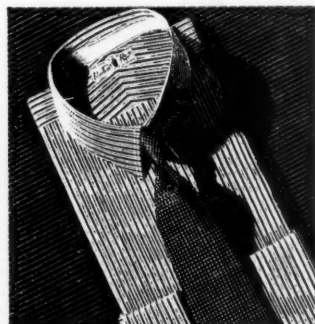
## INTO BATTLE



From your  
retailer—

*Paton's*  
SHOE & BOOT LACES

WM. PATON LTD · JOHNSTONE · SCOTLAND



Even now, hundreds of thousands of pre-war Radiac shirts are still giving excellent service . . . which is just as well, considering the quota restrictions and the ever-increasing demand for shirts with a reputation for quality.

If, however, you must buy a shirt, and you are lucky enough to get a Radiac, you may be sure of one thing at least . . . you've got unbeatable coupon value.

**Radiac**  
QUALITY SHIRTS  
Made by MCINTYRE, HOGG,  
MARSH & CO. LTD., Shirt  
Manufacturers for 100 years

Preparing  
to be a  
Beautiful  
Lady



"Sh! I'm putting Dolly to bed." Every night Sheila gives Dolly supper and washes her, puts her to bed and stays until she "goes to sleep." Dolly gets a rough scrub with a dry flannel, but Sheila is washed with Pears Soap. Mummy knows that Pears Soap and clear water is the secret of her lovely clear complexion—the secret of Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady.

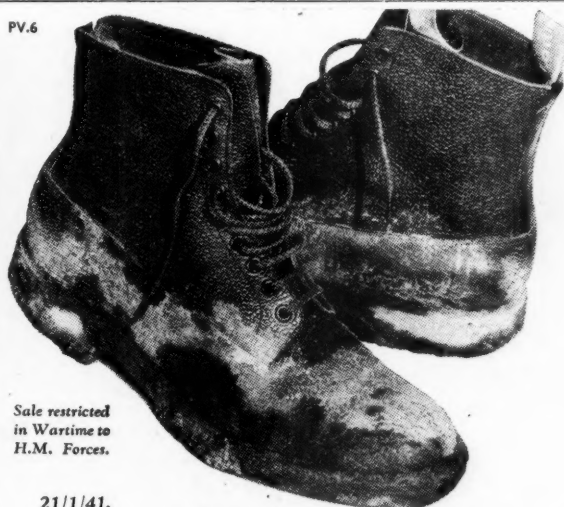
## PEARS SOAP

*We regret that Pears Transparent Soap  
is in short supply just now.*

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

GG 371.96

PV.6



Sale restricted  
in Wartime to  
H.M. Forces.

21/1/41.

In the Spring of 1916 I bought a pair of Lotus Veldtschoen. I wore them throughout the war and since then every winter during the worst of the weather, and only this morning did they show the slightest sign of taking in water slightly.

**LOTUS**  
Veldtschoen  
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

MADE BY LOTUS LTD. AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS

## I'VE SAID GOODBYE TO

*Lack of  
Energy*

Strenuous days tax strength and vitality. But it is a national duty to keep active and energetic in war-time. A cup of Allenburys Diet last thing at night fortifies the system against the effects of nerve-strain and body-fatigue. Allenburys Diet is made from fresh creamy milk and whole wheat. It is prepared in a moment, needing only the addition of boiling water.



From all Chemists 2/4 and 4/6 a tin

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys, Ltd.

**Allenburys**  
DIET

B.37

## FELLS

Shippers of fine  
wines for a  
century



John E. Fells & Sons Ltd., London, S.E.1



## POINTS ABOUT BISCUITS

**B**ISCUITS are an important food in a highly concentrated form, and constitute a most economical and valuable source of nourishment.

Science tells us that carbo-hydrates, proteins and fats build the foundations of life, and all three are found in a biscuit.

Add to that their digestibility, and the fact that you buy them ready to eat without the necessity for preparation of any kind, and you will quickly understand why biscuits are so highly placed on the war time shopping list of the wise housewife.

Issued by the Cake and  
Biscuit Manufacturers War  
Time Alliance Ltd.



C73-98

## Praised on every hand



Simpsons, having made a close study of the glove-situation for this winter, offer you a choice between fur-lined or lamb-lined—both with hand-sewn tan-cape "outsides," with sac wrist.

SIMPSON (PICCADILLY) LTD., 202 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. REGENT 2002



# FINE THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day.  
When I can get it, I prefer

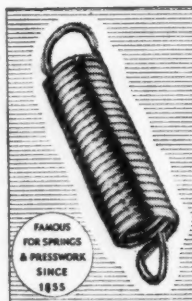
# RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD



M. CURIE (1859-1906) martyr to science, and Mme. CURIE (1867-1934) devoted the whole of their lives to Research, mainly into the causes and effects of radio-activity. First to discover and separate from masses of excavated ore those tiny, wonder-working specks of matter which we call Radium.

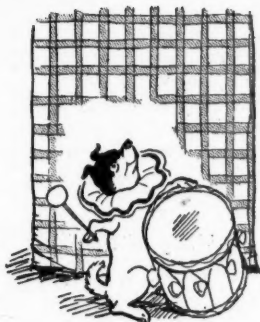
**Research.** the Keystone to scientific progress, never ceases in the TERRY Laboratories. Not only Research into specific problems concerning Spring Steel and Spring design, but Research directed to perfecting the techniques of Research itself. The result is that one sees in every efficient spring-operated mechanism in use to-day an example either of Terry manufacture or Terry guidance, for this modern "University of Springs" is always at the service of engineers and designers—to give disinterested advice, to solve difficult new Spring problems or to subject raw material or Springs themselves to its unique testing devices.



FAMOUS  
FOR SPRINGS  
& PRESSWORK  
SINCE  
1855

**TERRY'S**  
for **SPRINGS**

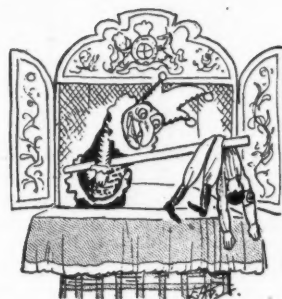
HERBERT TERRY & SONS Ltd., Redditch, England  
Also at London • Birmingham • Manchester



# PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCVII No. 5411

October 11 1944

## Charivaria

A WRITER declares that the Nazis were preparing for the next war three years ago. By a strange coincidence that was about the time we were preparing for this one.

As a last resort, it is thought, the Nazis may have to take the drastic step of collaborating with Germany.

It is said that the Ministry of Information may function for some time after the war ends. Although surely *somebody* will be sporting enough to break it to them?

The nation is firmly behind Parliament in whatever it does to please nobody in time for the election.



A Japanese professor has written a short history of the war with China. Nevertheless it is longer than was originally intended.

### Impending Apology

"For 25 years he has been chairman of the Local Pensions Committee, and for four years has served as chairman of the committee."—*Berks paper*.

In his early days a platform on which Hitler was appearing suddenly collapsed. This may happen again. Just once.



Plastic surgery may help Hitler to escape, says a writer. They must be going to give him seven-league feet.

Penny-farthings have reappeared on Tyneside. This raises the problem of the cyclist by several feet.

Horticulturists have been discussing the possibility of crossing some of the more popular vegetables with certain fruits, but so far nothing has been done towards producing turnips with pips in for making utility jam.

It is rumoured that when it is possible to ease up work in munition factories, metal filings will be converted into picturesque thatched roofs for the new steel houses.

The Allies are to divide Germany into three zones. Experienced readers of British advertisements know what a disappointment that can be.

"He told her he was single, that his parents were dead, and that his father was chief of police at Manchester."

*Gloucestershire paper.*

One of those people that don't know when to stop.



"Second-hand toy train for sale; modern in every detail," says an advertisement. Complete with no dining-car?

Hitler hopes to win his next weapon by means of a secret war.

The new Women's Press Club opens a new era in journalism. Male Press Clubs will, however, go on opening what they usually do when they can get it.

Hairdressing is a skilled job, says a weekly journal. It comes second to only one other—finding the right hairdresser.



## The Guardians

I NOW see that I was a fool. It was only in a moment of mad haste that I submitted the lines to the Censor's Office at all. They were not original lines, they were not topical lines, and they had nothing to do with the conduct of the present war. When they were returned (after a delay of several months), I perceived this immediately. It was not, of course, to be expected that the Censors for the various Departments would also perceive it. They had the job to do, and they did it manfully as Government Offices always do.

If I print the passage with the marginal notes made by the various authorities concerned I do so merely in order that the public may understand how well it is protected from indiscreet revelations which might assist the enemy.

You may argue that all this is a waste of time—my time, and the Censor's time, and yours. I take leave to think otherwise.

### CHOR.

Now entertain

Delete reference to E.N.S.A.

conjecture of a time

When creeping murmur and the poring dark  
Highly undesirable that currency should be given  
to rumours often ill-founded and inaccurate  
with regard to operations in progress. P. B. F.

Fills the wide vessel

### NO ADMIRALTY OBJECTION

CAPTAIN, R.N.

of the universe.

? Roman Catholic Newspaper.

From camp to camp, through the [redacted] womb  
of night,

No mention can be made of weather conditions  
outside the Straits of Dover. See our 1897/9  
of 1.9.39.

The hum of either army stilly (? silly) sounds,  
That the fixt sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch:  
? Inadvisable?

### NO SHAEF OBJECTION

Name...T. N. T.....No. 1001

Fire answers fire; W.O. Infantry Training  
Probably known to enemy?  
and through their paly flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:  
No detailed explanation is permitted as to types  
of camouflage employed by our troops either  
in the forward area or behind the lines of combat.  
Steed threatens steed (? misprint steel), in  
high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear;  
Implication that cavalry and yeomanry elements  
are taking part in present engagement.  
Omit? D.A. Passed. S.I.

and from the tents,  
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Employment of tank repairing outfits in forward  
areas not yet released for publication? O.K.

Give dreadful note of preparation:

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
? Bells. T.A.M. No, clocks. W.P.B.  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
? Double Summer Time.

Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice;

See A.C.I. 100, 899/A3

Crown and Anchor? Gambling with civilians in  
liberated territory?

Let it go. D.Q.X.

And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away.

### PASSED FOR PUBLICATION

INTLD

POSTAL SECTION  
CENSORS DIVISION  
MINISTRY OF INFORMATION

The poor condemned English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad  
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
Consult Air Ministry.

So many horrid ghosts.

Omit whole passage?

Morale of all elements and units is excellent,  
rations admirable, and uniforms battle-worthy.  
Censor for W.O. Chance it. B.M.

There is more of it. But perhaps I need not go on.  
Presented in this way the verse lacks fluency, and the  
rhythm is almost irrevocably marred. Passing from office  
to office, minute by minute, the lines have collected  
implications that could only confuse the ordinary reader's  
mind. They went last to the Admiralty, who were good  
enough to write a covering note as under.

Sir,

I am commanded by My Lords Commissioners of  
the Admiralty to enclose herewith the anonymous  
verses entitled Chor and submitted to them for approval.  
2. There is no objection to their publication.

I take it that the Senior Service is paramount.

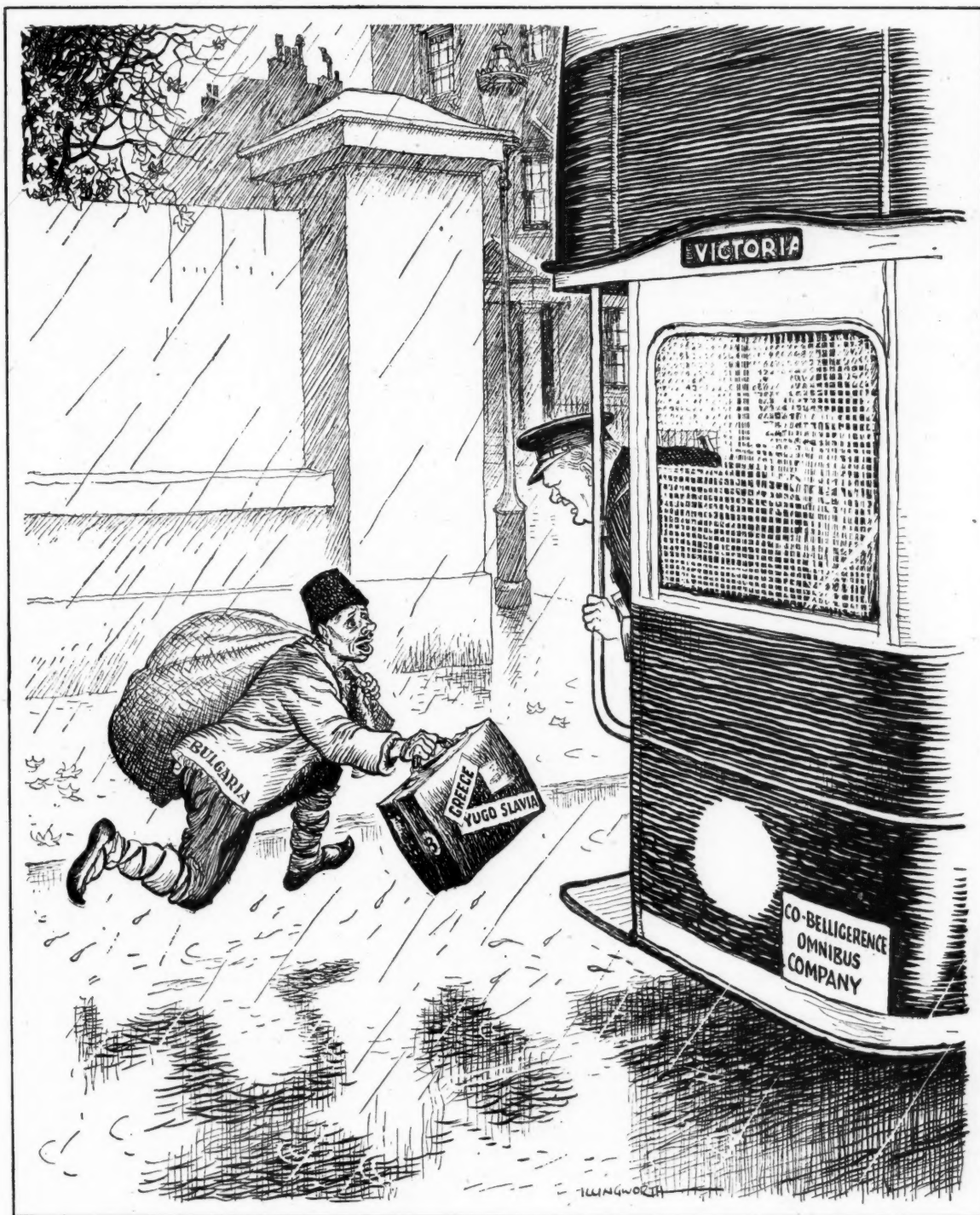
EVOE.

## THE MOST IDEAL GIFT

"THEY are the most ideal gift I have received, and  
just what we need for our job with the winter  
coming on us. So if you have any more to spare, do  
not forget us—we have a crew of over twenty."

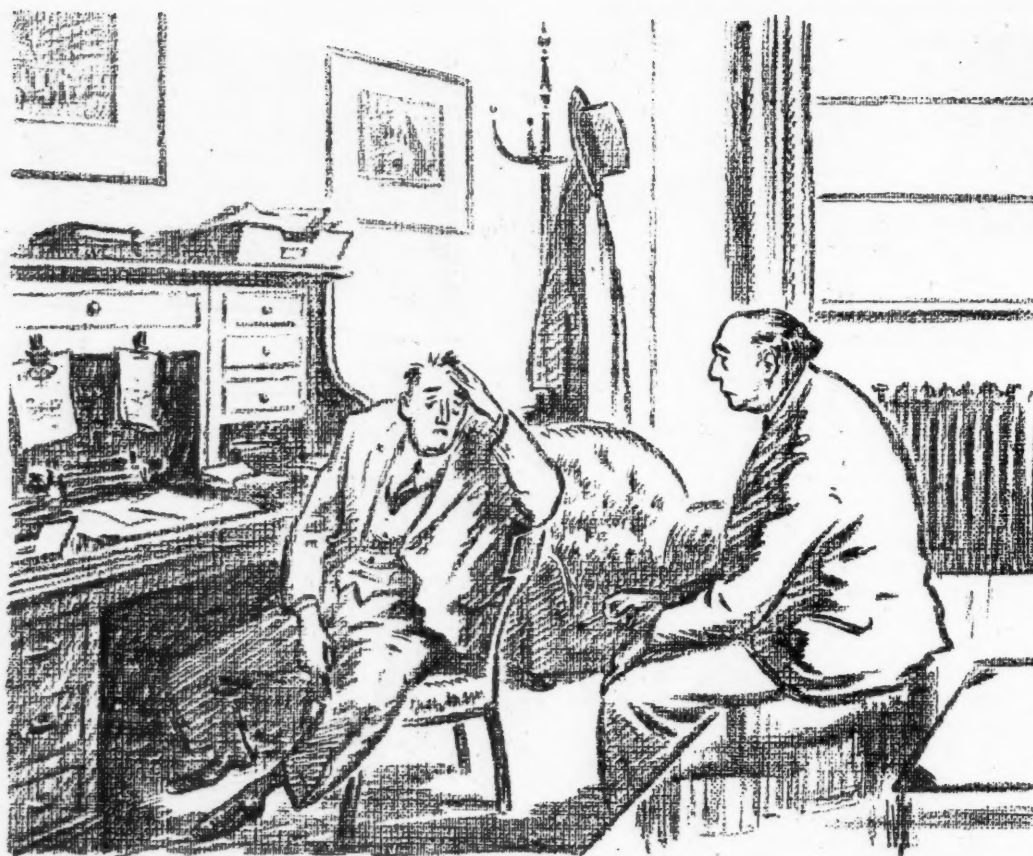
So writes a recipient from the PUNCH COM-  
FORTS FUND. We feel sure that you would like  
to help this tanker crew, and all others in the  
Fighting Services who look to us for their extra  
comforts. Donations will be gratefully received and  
acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS  
FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940



ROOM FOR ANOTHER?

"Not with all that luggage!"



Silence

*"I feel pretty washed out to-day—last night I dreamt I was fire-watching."*

### News from France

**M**Y DEAR MOTHER,—I should imagine that the process of being liberated soon loses its first charm. At least, I found that the process of being a liberator was not one which I should like to continue indefinitely.

I was travelling with a battery. After passing through two towns that had already been liberated, and in the process having disposed of all their spare drink and nearly all their spare flowers, the battery commander decided to make a detour through a small town that lay off our main route.

As he said, it seemed likely that no one else had gone through the town, and their enthusiasm for Allied troops would be fresh and unsullied. Also they would have lots of flowers. True, we ourselves had not actually liberated

them, but there was no point in splitting hairs. It was only fair to give them a chance to work off their surplus energy. Nothing is worse than arranging a party to which no one comes.

He went on like this for some time but I have probably made the main argument clear. There was certainly no objection from anyone in the column.

It was a pleasant little town, alongside a stream, built with the grey stone and yellow stucco of provincial France, the long blank walls of its houses close against the main street and a few old-fashioned shops in the centre. It had the faintly unpleasant but very typical smell of a French town. Partly cheese, partly unventilated rooms, partly generations of stock-pots, partly

some perfume that one can never define. It was hot and sunny and dusty. I of course was riding my motor-cycle.

The townspeople came up to our highest expectations. It was obvious that they had been looking forward to being liberated and would have been bitterly disappointed if no one had shown up for weeks. There had been no fighting in their area, no last-minute brutalities by the retiring Germans. They had a clean sheet, and they were going to write on it in a large and flowing hand.

There is something very frightening about a mass of humans on the point of celebrating something, when you are the main exhibit. I can sympathize with the lions in the Roman Colosseum and I expect the ovation they got quite drove all thoughts of



Christians out of their heads for the first few minutes. People just surged at you, and a motor-cycle is no thing to be on when you are surged at.

In fact the first contretemps occurred when I was surged off my balance and on picking myself up found that not only were my trousers torn but also the engine had stopped and, as usual, would not start again in a hurry. Nor was the situation improved by an elderly French woman offering in dumb show to remove my trousers to repair the tear on the spot.

However, we made the centre of the town, and the mayor, who must have had scouts out, was ready with his speech of welcome. That was fine of course, but one had the uneasy feeling that the rest of the battery in column down the street was quite unprotected and likely to be suffering heavy casualties in the form of men removed for private celebration parties indoors.

It was quite impossible to investigate this. The inhabitants held the ring round the mayor in strength. It was clearly important for their future relations with him that they should ensure that he had a fair chance to finish his speech, and finish it he did. We were then dragged into the main restaurant. We were the prisoners of kindness, but we were prisoners all right.

The restaurant was very hot and incredibly full. I trod on one child but fortunately the noise of the crowd drowned its protests. I was pushed into a seat between an elderly Frenchman who devoted all his attention to the meal that followed and a very pretty girl who devoted all her attention to the battery commander on her other side. That did not surprise me, for he is remarkably handsome, but it was none the less galling.

At very frequent intervals French women of all shapes and sizes leaned over the back of my neck to fill my glass and give me another kiss. It got hotter and hotter. Someone produced a box of cigars that had been kept over from 1940—in the oven, I should think, from the ease with which they flared up. It was all extremely riotous, and long before we had reached the liqueurs I was in a state of not caring much about the war, or post-war employment, not even about demobilization. Time was standing still.

It was about three o'clock before the battery commander began to realize that time wasn't doing anything of the kind and that we had still forty miles to cover before dark. He broke loose and began to beat up the rest of the battery.

I will spare you a detailed account

of that. The battery sergeant-major was in a laundry, lying back relaxed on a pile of washing, being fanned, yes, fanned by five very pretty girls. One gun crew had got their piece into a school courtyard and were putting on an exhibition of gun drill for the children. We found the M.O., who was travelling with us, wandering down a back lane in an absolute dream, quite alone. He didn't speak again until the next morning. Where the quartermaster had been no one ever found out. He reappeared just when we were giving him up, spick and span as usual, but with what he claimed was a length of parachute silk wrapped around his waist.

We got away about four. To make matters worse we had to drive out through a ford in the stream, as the bridge had been blown, and the rather irregular surface of the ford caused my front wheel to get into an uncontrollable

wobble. It is a common enough phenomenon, and I suppose I was lucky in that I was going at a slow speed and had water to fall into.

And of course I soon dried out once we were under way.

We made our forty miles before dark and most of us went to bed without waiting for supper. There is this about a liberation, you do sleep well after it.

Your loving son HAROLD.

o o

#### Not This Side, Please

"Have you heard that there is a plan a-foot over the border to make the 'local' a place of culture as well as a place of refreshments? The idea seems to be to promote classical concerts by world-famous vocalists and instrumentalists; to stage them in an informal atmosphere with tables and chairs arranged as usual, and with the service of drunks carrying on throughout the concert."—*Scottish trade paper.*



"I can use it in the billet after all."

## At the Pictures

### VARIOUS CRIMINALS

I FOUND *The Hitler Gang* (Director: JOHN FARROW) surprisingly interesting. Surprisingly, because after all most of us know most of what it tells us, and the imitation by actors of what is essentially newsreel material is not a promising line. But then this does try to go deeper than the newsreel: it presents the Nazi bosses, as the foreword says, "not only as they appeared to the public, but also as they appeared to one another." Here for you in fact, if you want it, is an inside view of the history of the Nazi party. I think the most impressive thing about the picture is the all but uncanny likeness of *Hitler* (ROBERT WATSON); the other historical characters are recognizable stand-ins, but Mr. WATSON, apparently very little disguised, might be honestly mistaken for the original.

We can thus see dramatized all the scenes we have read about, the whole stained and shabby story from the first trimming of the moustache. The main trouble naturally—apart from the fact that the picture cannot possibly be given a climax: for that you still have to wait with an eye on the Stop Press—is over-simplification; and the moustache episode illustrates that very point. It is 1918, and *Corporal Hitler* has something like a Kaiser moustache; he overhears the news that the Kaiser has abdicated and immediately goes round the corner, finds a mirror, and cuts off the ends of his moustache in front of it. A little too pat, somehow. . . . Similarly with the unauthenticated story of the murder of Hitler's half-niece. It may be that this was "framed"—but did the three big bugs Goebbels, and Himmler, and Goering really sit round and arrange the trivial details of the dirty work?

In spite of these things I found the film interesting, as I say: not as thrilling as the usual gangster story, but unexpectedly full of entertainment considering that I knew

all the time precisely what was going to happen next. And Mr. WATSON has to be seen to be believed. For his sake, I hope he has all the necessary alibis . . .

In the tradition of *The Maltese*



J.H.D.

[*The Hitler Gang*]

### STRENGTH THROUGH TRIM

*Hitler* . . . . . ROBERT WATSON

*Falcon*, but more (as the coincidence of authorship might lead you to

expect) like *Journey Into Fear*, *The Mask of Dimitrios* (Director: JEAN NEGULESCO) is a solid thriller that wakes up towards the end. Admittedly it contains too much talk—too much, that is, for the film to be really enjoyed by any member of a large audience; for a large audience always includes enough shallow-brained persons to drown by continuous coughing any passage of dialogue that they don't suppose will have a joke in it. Dead silence for the chase, or the murder, or the minute of suspense; a loud, explosive, rasping, energetic chorus to smother the words that explain it. It says a good deal for *The Mask of Dimitrios* that it stands up well to this treatment. I was entertained by PETER LORRE as the writer of detective stories who became so interested in what he heard of the criminal *Dimitrios* ("utterly without scruple, completely unmoral—but fascinating") that he travelled to capital after European capital to collect fresh details about him. As the black-mailer SYDNEY GREENSTREET gives his usual affable and menacing performance; ZACHARY SCOTT makes *Dimitrios* credibly ruthless and unpleasant. As usual with an adapted novel, there are a great many "bit" parts: all well done. Coughs notwithstanding, I liked it.

Of the other recent ones I have seen two musicals, *Sweet and Low-Down* (Director: ARCHIE MAYO) and *Bathing Beauty* (Director: GEORGE SIDNEY). The first of these has a good band (BENNY GOODMAN'S); the other, besides having two good bands (HARRY JAMES'S and XAVIER CUGAT'S) and a good comedian (RED SKELTON), is in Technicolor and includes a "water pageant" staged with enormous elaboration. It thus has more chances of pleasing customers who like this sort of thing at all. Personally I thought *Bathing Beauty* was too loosely put together and had too many empty stretches, between the band numbers and the comic scenes, devoted to the galvanizing of a dead "plot"—which at the end is coolly resolved by the heroine's off-hand announcement "She's told me everything." R. M.



J.H.DowD

[*The Mask of Dimitrios*]

### A STUDENT OF CRIME

*Cornelius Leyden* . . . . . PETER LORRE  
*Mr. Peters* . . . . . SYDNEY GREENSTREET

## Autumn Afternoon

**A**CROSS my bare brown arm the  
grasses throw  
Their spindly wind-blown  
shadows in the sun,  
And overhead the little clean clouds  
go  
Like white sheep, one by one.

Below, the slow sea patiently uncurls  
At the land's edge, with a per-  
petual sigh,  
As tireless as a pattern of dancing  
girls,  
Blue-blinding as the sky.

Buoyant on their white wings gulls  
ride at ease,  
Making swift shadows slide across  
your face;  
And we are poised together in this  
peace,  
Far out of time and space.

M. E. R.

## Out of Bondage

**I**T is not really surprising that  
almost the first news from Paris  
was about women's fashions. This  
aching world is desperately anxious to  
pick up the threads of civilized life.  
It is hungry for the arts of peace.

A short time ago, in the bus, I sat  
behind two women who were studying  
a newspaper photograph of the shoot-  
ing in the Place de la Concorde.

"My!" said one, "just look at  
that heavenly swagger suit. Isn't it  
gorgeous!"

"Coo!" said the other, "I'd give  
something for the pattern of that  
frock—there, the one crouching behind  
the car."

Stupid? Not a bit of it. There you  
have the authentic voice of humanity  
in its pursuit of real and eternal values.  
For more than two years my post-bag  
has been full of letters from readers  
overseas begging me to say something  
about the men of London. "Tell us,"  
they write, "how they are looking.  
Tell us what they are wearing in Bond  
Street. Are they still as tall and as  
long-legged? Tell us how they have  
stood up to rationing and utility  
limitations."

It is time that I told them.

The Englishman, dear overseas  
reader, is still tall and long-legged. In  
fact he looks even taller and longer-  
legged, for he is thinner. Early in the  
war he let down his turn-ups to hide



"Okay, Mr. Hancock—you can lock up now. They appear  
to be on their toes."

his emaciated ankles—but things are  
better now.

Rationing has produced sensational  
sartorial developments. Waistcoats  
are much less shiny—less fancy. The  
five shillings maximum for meals has  
more or less eliminated soup from the  
national menu. Shoes are not being  
worn. In town most men seem to  
prefer heavily greased boots—not very  
different from those worn by the  
Home Guard.

The waistline is a trifle lower this  
year, largely on account of the quality  
of war-time braces. Patch-pockets

are in vogue, my own have been  
patched and repatched many times  
over.

Perhaps, on the whole, we are a  
little more drab than in 1939, but a few  
touches here and a few pats there and  
we are in something like shape. We  
are rather proud of ourselves and we  
salute our sisters in Paris.

"BEVIN ON REPAIR WORK"  
Heading in evening paper.

Who directed him?





"Do you remember how afraid we were that everybody would give us toast-racks when we were married?"

## Convention

WE have all been told that without conventions of some kind or other life would be impossible; what is more, there comes a time in our lives when we suddenly find we have switched over from being told it to telling it to others. This is undoubtedly a tough moment, but a tribute to the power of convention. So it might be a good idea to-day to turn our minds on to a few conventions and see what they and civilization have made of each other.

One of our best-known forms of convention is of course the process two strangers go through when introduced by a third person. This third person, knowing both of them, starts the ball rolling by telling them what their names are. I mean their own names; it being a well-worn law that neither shall hear the other's name, and equally true, though not so widely acknowledged, that both sides shall hear their own names quite remarkably clearly. (Psychologists are delighted about this, by the way; they say it is absolutely typical.) After the introducing comes the question of shaking hands. Convention gives two people in this position the choice of either shaking hands or not, and it is important that they should agree beforehand, which means each must decide what the other person is thinking, and what the other person is thinking of course is of what the other person is thinking, which brings them back to where they started. All this thinking happens very quickly and sets up a communal aura, either positive or negative. If it is positive, the next problem crops like lightning. Convention lays down that it is the right hand we shake hands with; and it is also the right hand with which two people on being introduced will probably find themselves holding a dog-lead, a newspaper, a packet of wheat flakes, two or three cups—each attached to a separate finger by the handle—a clock, a bag of hen-food, or, indeed, almost anything. What is more, they will have to get everything from the right hand to the left without making it seem intentional; and yet—such are the shackles of custom—they cannot start immediately

on meeting for fear of looking over-keen. All this makes being introduced one of the most difficult social processes known to man. No wonder, psychologists say, that the sort of conversation you get after an introduction is enough to make passers-by want to rush home and write a quietly humorous novel.

The next set of conventions I want to deal with occurs in letter-writing, where there are many rules governing both business and friendly letters. Business letters are when we put the whole date, year and all, and end "Yours faithfully." Sometimes the public ends its business letters "Yours truly," but this is only when the letter it is answering ended the same way and because it does not want to give offence. It interprets "Yours truly" as someone trying to be nice without overstepping the boundary. The public thinks there is a rule that it can say "Yours sincerely" to, for instance, its bank manager if it has spoken to its bank manager over twice, but if the bank manager answers with "Yours faithfully" then the public is mildly dashed but willing to admit that bank managers are busy men. When the public signs a non-business letter "Yours sincerely" it feels a bit formal, or like someone else, and when it gets tied up with "Very sincerely" and so on it hardly knows where it is. There is also a complicated convention about typing and handwriting. There is a rule that we can, indeed should, type business letters because it shows we are not easily put upon; though bad typers must remember they may defeat their purpose, there being nothing more fallible to the harsh business mind than someone who spells "thank" as "thnak." There is also a rule that we should type letters to people we are inclined to be literary to, because this sort of letter, being subconsciously intended for print, might as well be in print anyway. Letters to people in between are a bit doubtful, but a good rule is that the sort of letter calling for sunny politeness, that is to say with more than six exclamation marks, is really better handwritten because to make an exclamation mark on a typewriter you have to put an apostrophe and then back-space for the full stop. As for letter folding, there is a convention that a letter is folded so that the last page meets the eye first. Some sociologists say this is to warn the letter-reader who has written it, others that it shows at a glance how much blank paper the letter-writer has left, thus getting the disappointment over quickly. Certain unconventional letter-writers do a bit of thinking before folding, and if they have reserved a nasty jar for the last page they may go as far as folding their letter the other way. Others less radical will arrange it in the envelope so that it comes out with the nasty jar upside down or behind. I should add that only the literary bother about this sort of thing, but then the literary count as artists and are entitled to flout convention. A few people habitually fold their letters so that the front page shows, but they are known to be eccentrics, though, if it goes no further, of the very mildest type.

Now for some of the conventions which govern talking, eating and other processes in social life. There is a convention somewhere that it is not polite to argue. Psychologists say we can trace this to our very early lives, when people said it to keep us quiet, and when anyway it was no good arguing. But it is the sort of axiom we are apt to hang on to, though rather wondering why, and it means that human nature will never fail to get a guilty pleasure from a really slap-up discussion, and moreover will often find itself doing all the washing-up after as a penance for

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

having, as it thinks, won. The other main conversational convention is that if other people tell us something they have already told us we must not say so, while if we tell other people something we have already told them it is their own fault for not saying so. There are so many conventions governing eating that I can only give two, one old and one new. The old one is that when we are offered a plate of cakes there is a certain arc of plate eligible by its nearness, and a certain type of cake eligible by its not being the biggest, and where these two qualifications coincide there we should choose our cake. The new one is that if we take less butter or margarine than we ought to it shall be pointed out to us, but if we take more it shall not, and it says much for mankind that this has worked so well.

There is of course an awful lot of convention involved in calling on people, much of it concentrated into the few minutes when the caller is standing outside and ringing the doorbell. The average doorbell can either be heard from outside or not. If we can hear it then we cannot do better than wait for a bit longer than we would give ourselves to get from the farthest point of the house from the front door (estimating the size of the house as well as we can without moving) to the front door itself, and then ringing again. If no one answers, no one is in. But if we cannot hear the doorbell then we are in a fix, because the bell may not work. This will lead the impetuous to start on the knocker, but mankind is better advised to have another try at the bell first, as it is never safe to annoy the people inside a house when you are outside. On the whole, custom has laid down that when mankind has rung a bell twice and knocked twice it has done all it can, and had better make off—quietly, in case hostile eyes are watching. The point for callers to remember is to strike a balance between looking as if they want to get into the house and looking as if they want to break into it.

It would be strange if convention had not made a few rules for dogs, cats and parrots as well as human beings, and, indeed, convention has come out strong here. People conventionally approach a dog by showing it their knuckles and sending out dog-loving thought-waves. Cat-approaching is more complicated. Cat-lovers are traditionally invested with all sorts of artistic qualities which their friends are not so sure they really have, so that cat-approaching means a lot of silly talk from the cat-approacher and a lot of patient waiting from the cat-approacher's friends. A parrot is not so much approached as remarked on, it being bad form not to be surprised when we see a parrot. (Statisticians, by the way, say it is not as easy to see a parrot as we may suppose, and we have probably all missed several in our lives, because parrots blend into their backgrounds like nothing else.)

Finally, a very few words on the unconventional. They are so identifiable that I only want to mention people wearing odd gloves. To the world they are eccentrics; to themselves they are ordinary harmless people who did not realize they had brought odd gloves till too late. As for the purpose of the unconventional, the really unconventional, in this world, this is easy. They are here to make the conventional feel good because conventional, and themselves equally good because unconventional, and psychologists add that if conventions were abolished the unconventional would be the first to miss them.

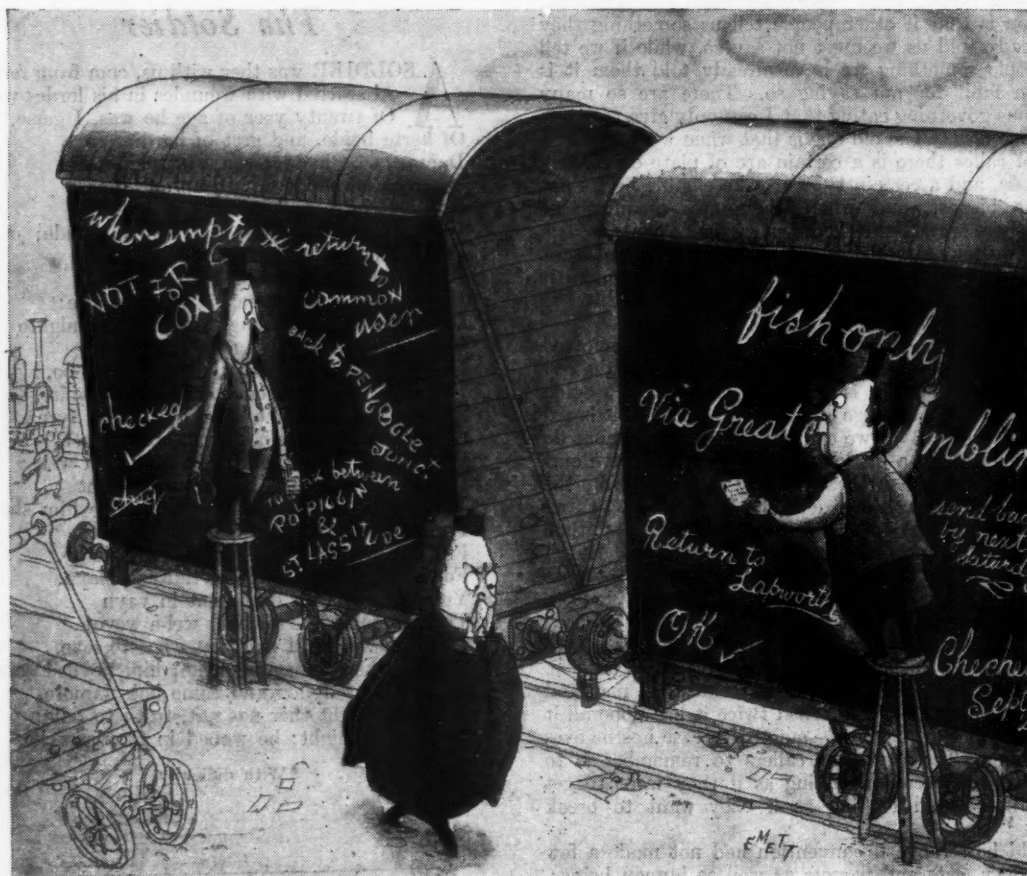
"The water comes up the Bristol Channel as a bore, that is a tidy wave."—*Schoolgirl's essay.*  
And then some.

## The Soldier

A SOLDIER was ther with us, com from ferre,  
Al scarred with woundes in his lordes werre.  
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse,  
Of herte bolde, and gret of hardinesse;  
Daungers he hadde seen, and perils ofte  
When as he hadde flowen up on loft  
And had by parachute com to londe  
With al his gere up-on a straunge stronde;  
For at that noble arive hadde he be  
In Nederlonde, beyond the Northe See.  
Heavy with slepe were his eyen brighte:  
He sayde he hadde foughten daye and night  
Withouten any reste ageyn the fo;  
He hadde hunger known, and thirst al-so,  
Ful many an houre encombred in the mire.  
At Arnhem hadde he foughten, under fyre  
Of gunnes and bombes, as it were a hel,  
With heigh corage, and ever born him wel.  
I seigh his gipoun al bismered and rent  
Ther as, he sayde, the Hunnes hadde him shent.  
I woot he hadde mad his scape unnieth\*  
Fro dire woundes or prisoun or fro dethe,  
For of his freendes were a thusand slayn.  
Yet certes nas hir dethe nat in vayn  
That stode in the breche, wel-a-weye!  
I han no wordes, I noot nat what to seye.  
Sad was his chere and meke; him peyned sore  
Of hem that dyden and came bak namore.  
A braver wight ther nas nat, troth to telle:  
Thomas he hight; he woned in Camberwelle.

\* With difficulty





"... 'e says very poor—rub out, do again and see 'im after six . . ."

### Speechless

**I**N the mystic lands of Mumbo where tough traders  
bowse on bumbo,

Where the patient pygmies thumb bow to obtain  
the morrow's meat,

There are creatures elongated whose misfortune, it is stated,  
Is that they've been harshly fated not to bellow nor to  
bleat.

Strange it is, 'mid jungle jangle, royal roar and simian  
wrangle,

Finding beasts with tongue a-tangle, uttering nor howl  
nor hum;

Though their vocal works are vaster than would warrant  
such disaster,

Yet my Sunday question-master tells me that giraffes  
are dumb.

Every other music-monger, moved by heart- (or belly-) hunger,

Or by spleen if it is younger, can give tongue, but no  
giraffe;

Each hyaena (him with spotties) can adjust his epiglottis  
Till he feels that he has got his neighbours to enjoy a laugh;  
No one would admit that Jumbo is in any way a dumb bo,  
Nor would he appear a rum beau to the lady of his choice,  
But giraffes do no debating, never growl a hymn of hating,  
Make no sweet love-call when mating, for there's none  
that has a voice.

There's no loving baby-calfy talk in nurseries giraffey,  
No brisk banter in the Naafi, neither welcome nor goodbye,  
Yet they're gentle beasts and mild, though with more to  
make them riled

Even than that poet's child with no language but a cry.  
He can't let his heart in song go serenading at M'Bongo  
Which may be quite near the Congo, since he suffers  
from such loss;

He can't whisper "Sweet Nelumbo" as they browse upon  
their gumbo,  
But she lets him know who's umbo (crossword dialect  
for boss).

J. B. N.





### THE MONSTER RACE

"These are horrors worse than mine."

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Tuesday, October 3rd.**—House of Lords: Announcement of Interest to Nazis.

House of Commons: Purge.

**Wednesday, October 4th.**—House of Commons: Prefects' Detention is Threatened.

**Thursday, October 5th.**—House of Commons: Salute to Heroes!

**Tuesday, October 3rd.**—The House of Commons seemed in a mood to conduct one of those "purgings" beloved of the Nazis—and schoolboys—and Members gathered round in large numbers. It was clear that the whole Government Front Bench was "for it" if the purgers got a chance, and that some of the less—well, the less spectacularly efficient—of the Ministers were in for liquidation.

Wild *Hansards* would not drag from your scribe the names of those in this category; but the House clearly had very definite views on the subject, and its own private list of purgees.

Even highly-efficient and popular Ministers like Major GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE, Minister of Fuel and Power, had their trying times. Asked whether there would be any coal shortage this winter for the domestic hearth, he replied that there probably would be, and that the only people who could mend the situation were the miners, who could perhaps produce more coal.

Mr. MOLSON expressed the view that the Minister had "done nothing" about the situation, and was promptly (and briskly) told that his statement was "absurd." Mr. SHINWELL stepped in with a demand to know whether all the blame was being placed on the shoulders of the miners, and was told by the equable Major that he was "too touchy"—a statement that appeared to perturb Mr. SHINWELL more than somewhat.

Mr. KIRKWOOD ended this particular spot of tension with his familiar demand that the mines should be nationalized. This offering was so delightfully irrelevant that everybody laughed—except its author, who muttered and glared.

Then Mr. PAUL EMRYS-EVANS, of the Dominions Office, went to the block. He answered a question straight from the typescript, and was promptly pounced on by that very alert Parliamentarian, Lord WINTERTON.

Ever kind to those less gifted, Lord WINTERTON offered a verbatim suggestion about an answer that would have gone down better with the House—"It is ever the policy of the Government, etc., etc."

This suggestion Mr. EMRYS-EVANS gratefully (well, more or less) accepted and adopted, and sat down blushing under Lord WINTERTON's comment that he was "constantly stonewalling."

Mr. QUINTIN HOGG and others raised yet another storm about rubber teats, which, it seems, are still not on sale unless one buys a bottle also. (Apparently babies use more teats than bottles.) Captain CHARLES WATERHOUSE, of the Board of Trade, had an up-and-downer on this succulent topic, which was ended abruptly when Mr. WILL THORNE (born 1857, still going



LORD MOUNTIESTONE OR  
"CHURCHILL'S PATROL"

Lord Mottistone suggested for post-war Germany a mobile column which could move about the country wherever it wished, on the lines of the North-West Mounted Police.

remarkably strong) thus addressed the Chair:

"Is the right honourable gentleman aware that, when *I* was a baby, there were no rubber teats at all?"

This piece of history the House seemed to find fascinating—and amusing.

But the Minister who suffered most severely at the hands (or the tongues) of the purgers was not present. Mr. HARCOURT JOHNSTONE, Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade, is popularly supposed to spend most of his time looking at—or for—Trade (Overseas), and is certainly rarely in the House. Mr. ALFRED EDWARDS got the cheer of his career when he asked whether it was not time the missing Minister made a report to the

House. A moment later there was talk of the sale of alarm clocks, and Mr. MAURICE PETHERICK gravely and formally proposed that Mr. HARCOURT JOHNSTONE might be given one. He did not say why.

Mr. CHURCHILL watched this Roman holiday with the expression a particularly tough lion might well have worn as he surveyed the preliminary limbering-up of his prospective meals in the arena, and his expression suggested that he secretly hoped for a little barracking when he took the ring. But our legislators are not quite so green as that. Discretion is the better part of banter.

But—as Messrs. HITLER and MUSSOLINI could confirm—Mr. CHURCHILL is not so easily cheated. There being no barracking *against* him, he decided to do a little on his own account, and chose the Civil Service as his target.

There was a question about soldiers voting at a possible General Election, and Mr. CHURCHILL rose to read the prepared reply.

"Personnel——" he read, and paused. "*That*, I suppose, means *soldiers*. I had missed that bit of jargon!"

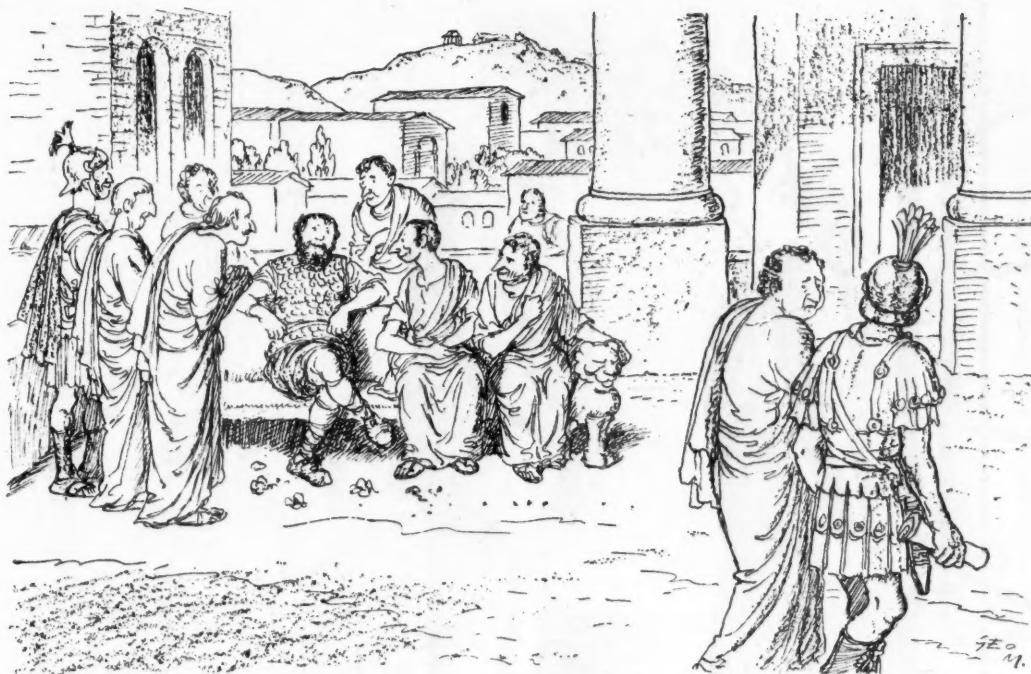
He waded through the reply with what lady novelists used to call ill-concealed distaste. Doubtless some member of the Civil Service shares that distaste for the ubiquitous word "personnel" by now.

Their Lordships debated foreign affairs and the war, and Lord SIMON (who has the great advantage over his "opposite number," Mr. Speaker CLIFTON BROWN, that he can take part—and very effectively too—in debate) made a statement about the major war criminals.

There had been rumours that, whereas the "Little Fish" were to suffer punishment for their war crimes, the Big Fish, such as HITLER, HIMMLER, GOERING, Old Uncle Tom RIBBENTROP and all, might escape, simply because they were big. But not at all, said the Lord Chancellor, in a tone which boded no good for any hopeful Nazi (if such an one exists), the Big Fish would be caught in a *political* net every bit as clinging and close-meshed and painful as the *criminal* net set for the Little Fish.

He ruled that "lawyers—or at any rate *good* lawyers—are not nearly so technical as some suppose." He ought to know. The Government was already taking every means to ensure that the Nazi criminals and their loot were bottled up in Europe and prevented from making a get-away to some quiet neutral country.

Then Lord CRANBORNE wound up



"Yes, that's Marshal Caractacus. Disgusting the fuss some people make of prisoners of war!"

the debate in as graceful and smooth a speech as any even he has delivered in that historic Chamber. One of the charms of debate in the Upper House is its extreme politeness.

Whereas Mr. CHURCHILL, in the Lower House, referred gruffly to HITLER as "Corporal Schicklgruber," Lord CRANBORNE spoke of him as "Herr HITLER." But, like Mr. CHURCHILL, he thanked the Fuehrer for the sweeping Allied victories.

He offered this neat definition of the aims of the United Nations in fighting the war: "To make democracy safe for the world."

*Wednesday, October 4th.*—Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN, the Minister of Information, the appearance of whose auburn head in the House of Commons has become the recognized signal for a political pyrotechnic display, was in what a Ministerial colleague called "wise-cracking good form" to-day.

He dealt with questioners after the manner of a world champion heavy-weight matched against village-hall bantam-weights.

Asked how he judged public feeling, Mr. BRACKEN said: "By massive common-sense!" Questioned whether the world's supply of this very rare

commodity resided in his Ministry of Information, he said: "Not quite *all!*" Cross-examined as to his "surprise" or otherwise on some point, he retorted: "Having been Minister of Information for 3½ years, I am not surprised by anything under the sun!"

And so on. The questioners got tired first.

Strange how often the House bears the appearance of a school. The resemblance was strong to-day, when Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, Leader of the House (what a perfect prefect he would make!) mentioned that, unless better progress were made with the Town and Country Planning Bill, the entire House would be kept in after school and, moreover, would lose its full-day's holiday on the coming Monday.

He did not put it quite that way. What he said was that the rising-time rule would be suspended that night and a special sitting might have to be held on the following Monday, if adequate progress had not by then been made. Mr. MCGOVERN blandly inquired whether this was not more an intimidation of Members than a real proposal to sit on Monday, and was assured that there were few things in

life so futile as an attempt to intimidate an M.P. Honourable Members who had just before looked a triff-shaken shouted "Hear, hear!" ferociously.

But it so happened that progress was made. Long is the arm of coincidence.

Towards the end of the sitting, things grew lively, and Lord WINTERTON assured Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD that he (his lordship) was quite as capable of being rude as he (Mr. KIRKWOOD) was. The cause of all this excitement was something to do with allotments—the backache-producing kind, not the kind Service men make to their wives.

Mr. HENRY STRAUSS, for the Government, finally stopped the row by promising to look at the whole matter again. Everybody said: "Oh, splendid!" and "Good old STRAUSS!" and things like that—and went home.

*Thursday, October 5th.*—Mr. CHURCHILL paid moving tribute to the underground soldiers of Poland, who, for sixty-three days, had resisted all HITLER's armed might, but had, in the end, been defeated by starvation. It was, said he, a deathless story.

The House roared its agreement.





*"And, above all, remember you will be employed to expedite egress and NOT just to chuck people out."*

### Rabbit's Farewell

**T**ROUBLE about this war," says Tulip, as we wait for the four-some in front to drive, "is that the chaps will come back from it about eight feet high and four feet thick."

"Bronzed and fit, you mean?"

Crump looks up from some preliminary waggling in the background. He is an inveterate driver-waggler.

"Exactly. Fit as Stradivariuses and bronzed as the lions in Trafalgar Square. Whereas we——"

Tulip pauses to pounce on an abandoned peg tee.

"—whereas we, who for years have been living a life of leisured ease in the peace and plenty of London, are softer than we were in 1939."

"If possible."

"Softer," continues Tulip, "and more rabbit-like."

"So that when the chaps come back we shall have to take a back seat?"

"It is doubtful if we shall even get on the bus."

"But what can we do about it?"

"Take up chess or something which needs brains and not brute force. What do *you* think, Crocklebank?"

Naturally they ask my opinion. Neither Tulip nor Crump is capable of lengthy independent thought.

"I disagree. The worse you are at golf the more you enjoy it. There is nothing more boring than going round in level fours until further notice. Think of it—no new worlds to conquer.

I should certainly expire from a sort of spiritual claustrophobia."

"You are happily in no immediate danger?"

"That may be so. But the principle is still there. Golf was invented for rabbits, and rabbits alone can enjoy it."

It is Tulip's honour.

"You mean," he says as he steps on to the tee, "that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive?"

"Precisely."

Tulip bends with difficulty to induce his ball (1938 model, with advanced gum-boil in the bottom left-hand corner) to balance on the tee.

"So the worse you are the happier you should be?"

Tulip swipes suddenly, as is his wont.

He has a theory that the ball watches his every movement, to be fully prepared at the moment of impact to rush in triumph into the most convenient gorse-bush. It is therefore necessary to catch it unawares, which he does by striking when he is in the middle of a sentence, or maybe a sneeze.

The ball flies at right angles to the fairway, whirring like a partridge, in a trajectory which would intrigue a student of ballistics. It lands in a clump of trees fifty yards distant.

"Oh, boy!" says Tulip. "Am I happy!"

Crump is Tulip's driving antithesis. He agrees that the ball must be taken by surprise, but achieves this by lulling it into a sense of false security. He waggles his driver for about a minute and a quarter, throwing in an occasional false-start half-swing for good measure. Only when the ball has been completely fooled, and the nerves of all onlookers shattered, does he make the actual stroke.

Needless to say, it is rather worse than Tulip's, although it has the merit of originality. The ball meets some immovable object in the rough, ricochets towards the dry-stone wall which bounds the first hole, and lodges firmly between two stones.

"There are times, Crocklebank," says Crump with some heat, "when your theories might well be wrapped in silence."

"I have no doubt," adds Tulip acidly, "that having put Crump and myself completely off with your tom-fool ideas, you will now do a series of safe thirty-yarders down the middle and win the hole."

This reference to my natural caution is not in the best taste. Very well. I shall show that even I can pull one out of the bag.

The sun is hot, there is no wind, the turf is fresh and green. Everything is perfect. For once I am confident that I have a pin-splitting two-hundred-yarder at the end of my driver. I am right. The ball leaves the tee low and beautiful, with the grace and velocity of a Typhoon rocket-shell. Its flight for thirty-five yards would satisfy Cotton.

Then the unpredictable happens. It hits the little white post which marks the tee whence the weaker sex drive. There is a full-throated musical pong, and the missile retraces its path with lightning speed between Tulip's legs, and past the astonished left ear of Crump, who is bending to pick up his bag. It proceeds without hesitation through the club-house smoke-room window. There is a terrifying crash of

splintering glass, followed by a no less fearsome bellowing from within.

"You will hardly be bored by a four at this hole," says Tulip, with a hint of satisfaction in his voice. "You'll be lucky to get off with single figures—and a fiver for a new window."

"Excuse me," I say, unruffled, "but that's my only ball. I'll catch you up."

The smoke-room is empty, except for Colonel Headstone and Acting-Secretary Throgg. They are huddled beneath a table, surrounded by fragments of glass.

"Duck, you fool, duck!" roars the Colonel, complete master of the situation, as I enter, and then returns his attention to the unfortunate Throgg.

"I beseeched you not to sack our roof-spotter, you nincompoop. The committee will certainly hear about this!"

A hasty survey reveals my ball in a shattered glass case containing, among other museum pieces, half a dozen gutty balls of the good old days. I am about to retrieve it when I am struck by the full significance of the omen.

I leave it undisturbed.

I am wandering thoughtfully in the direction of the bar, when Dougal, the steward, appears to remove the debris.

"When you have tidied up the mess, Dougal," I say, "you might find me two things."

"Sir?"

"First, a double whisky, and then a nice friendly chess club."

"Oh, Major, Major . . ."

"OH, Major, Major, what are these Unseemly roisterings?"

We saw you on the roundabout,  
We saw you on the swings;

"Have you forgotten that you are  
In uniform bedight?  
Such conduct in a major  
It were a sorry sight."

"To France," replied the major,  
"To-morrow I repair;  
How better spend the evening  
Than at a country fair?"

And showing, I regret to say,  
No shadow of remorse,  
The major turned and leapt upon  
A spotted wooden horse.

A. W. B.

#### The Bicycling Leopard

"Cycling along a route used by Livingstone when he first saw Lake Tanganyika, a leopard suddenly leaped out of the forest in front of her."—*Yorks paper*.

"They used all sorts of tricks to keep awake. One officer read Gibbons' 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' aloud to his men to keep them from falling into a dangerous doze."—*Daily paper*.

Bet you'd never have thought of that.



"It appears these were the headquarters of the Hitler Youth."

## At the Play

### "JENNY JONES" (HIPPODROME)

THE first shock is the size of *Morgan Jones's* cottage in the Aberdowlais valley. It seems to the dazzled eye to be as large as Westminster Hall; but when we find that its owner has eighteen children, with more to follow, and that the neighbours drop in from time to time for song and dance, there are obviously sound reasons for using the full width of the stage. Everything in *Jenny Jones* is on the same slightly alarming scale. The cast-list, besides being a dictionary of Welsh Christian names (why leave out Bronwen?), manages to accommodate Lord Nelson—only a half-Nelson here—Saint Ceiriog, and a party of acrobats. Even the second-act operetta, ostensibly put on by amateurs at the Aberdowlais Theatre Royal, looks remarkably like an operetta staged by Mr. GEORGE BLACK at the London Hippodrome.

Still, no one wants realism in Aberdowlais. It is an odd place anyway—a mining town without a grain of coal-dust and with a market-place never troubled by a market. There cannot be a slag-heap within miles. Objectors must remember that the musical stage has its own code-book. If the Balkans can be fantasiticated, why not Wales? The libretto, which Mr. RONALD GOW has based (how firmly we cannot say) on stories by Mr. RHYS DAVIES, is not without a tenuous charm: the charm of unexpectedness. We never know what will come next—performing elephants or possibly a few scenes from Greek tragedy. There is yet time to add these attractions; but most urgently the piece needs humour to stiffen it. Mr. JIMMY JAMES, comedian of the slithering walk, the roller-skating wobble, has no chance: his *Jimmy Armstrong* seems to be a Lancastrian with an excursion ticket. Mr. DEERING WELLS, as his mild and woolly partner *Dai*, is preoccupied with nightingales and trout. To our surprise, another comedian is that distinguished classic actor Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY. Ingen-

iously he makes a personage of *Aristotle*, the Aberdowlais herbalist, who is a fluent eccentric and, sartorially, a florid Welsh dresser.

The piece, you will have gathered, keeps to no single style. There are passages of straightforward love-in-a-valley; there are also sparks and flashes of vaudeville, and now and then—with the plot cheerfully shelved—large swathes of spectacle: a mimed legend of the Middle Ages which derives from a tale by Anatole France transferred to South Wales, and a slice of an



"... WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD."

David . . . . .	MASTER MALCOLM THOMAS
Jimmy Armstrong . . . . .	MR. JIMMY JAMES
Dai . . . . .	MR. DEERING WELLS
Aristotle Herbs . . . . .	MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY

operetta with a story about the future William the Fourth, a Cuban beauty, and Lord Nelson. Here, as elsewhere, staging and dressing are elaborate.

The best of a crowded and bewildering evening is in the score. The melodies by Mr. HARRY PARR DAVIES are pleasant without being noisy, and Miss CAROLE LYNNE as *Dilys*, prima donna of the *Jones* family, uses her soprano well. Her stepsister *Jenny* (Miss MARY WATERMAN) does not sing: instead, as a species of spinning Jenny, she has to work the plot, a strenuous operation. Vital parts seem to have been dropped somewhere.

J. C. T.

### "NO MEDALS" (VAUDEVILLE)

As a dramatist Miss ESTHER McCracken is a counter-part to Miss Dodie Smith. She writes adroit domestic plays, amply-peopled family affairs which show how acutely she can see the humorous quirk in a familiar experience. She is always ready, too, for a sentimental journey, though there her contrivance is less plausible than in the humours of quiet week-ending. Her newest comedy has a major virtue: it fits Miss FAY COMPTON

with an endearing part as *Martha Dacre*—how apt the Christian name!—one of the war's "frustrated heroines," a housewife who gets no medals but who acts as "unpaid nanny, messenger-boy, house-keeper, and general servant." *Martha*, a widow, lives temporarily in a furnished house at an English port. Here, in the fifth year of the war, encircled by her Wren daughters and a mixed company of relations, guests, and neighbours from Navy, Air Force, factory and flat, she revolves in a whirling world of watches and shifts and duties (not forgetting her own fire-watch), and keeps the home going seven days a week without leave and without complaint.

Miss McCracken has drawn *Martha* in loving detail—with no medals but many decorations—and Miss COMPTON gives to the part all imaginable zest and truth. *Martha* is practically the entire play, though besides the domestic to-and-fro, the housewives' rallying cry

"The fishmonger's got fish!" and war-time variations on the bottle-party (plums only) and the treasure-hunt (*Mrs. Gaye* lugubriously "obliges"), there is a more artificial story of farewells, anxieties, and reunions. This has, however, the merit of introducing a new and responsive actress, Miss VALERIE WHITE, as one of the Wren daughters. Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER is never for a moment at sea as *Martha's* admirer, a middle-aged naval captain, and Mr. RICHARD BIRD's production expertly suggests both the warmth of the *Dacre* home and the cold shadows of a midnight quayside.

J. C. T.



## Science Moves On.

(Press Report)

**H**APPY the scientific gent  
Who ranging darkly and aloof  
Brings years of calm experiment  
To a triumphant proof,  
And happy he I sing to-day  
Whose soaring brain has wrought a spell  
Whereby our future hens will lay  
Their eggs without a shell.

A shell-less egg. The term has grown  
Familiar in our war-time fare,  
Though up till then 'twas all unknown  
As far as I'm aware:  
Compact of useful vitamins,  
Men ship it from a far-off land  
But dried, compressed, and shoved in tins,  
Or, as they put it, canned.

But he with his ingenious mind  
Has scorned all artificial aid;  
This is no dehydrated kind  
But whole, and newly laid;  
One trifling point I don't see yet:  
Will he who has so nobly toiled  
Explain exactly how to get  
At the inside, when boiled?

And you, O hen, when first you gaze  
Aghast on this unwonted sight  
Forbear to squawk your wild amaze;  
Believe me, you're all right.  
And when again that broody fit  
Compels a long retirement, then  
Unless I'm wrong, you ought to sit  
More comfortably, hen.

DUM-DUM.

## Notice to Residents

**T**HERE has been some bother over the numbers in this Avenue owing to Mr. Ripon the laundry man not knowing what was owing to him owing to there not being any numbers at all, in consequence of which he has been on to Mr. Tingle to dig up a bye-law about it.

The position is not very clear, as Mr. Tingle can find no ruling whether or not a tenant may or may not call his house Rhubarb View and no number or not, though there was a case some years ago of a holiday-relief doctor getting mixed up on this Avenue through the names not being numbers and Cwm Awfitt being similar to Cwm Quietly and sending a bill for tonsils to a stomach case and cutting

them out from an erysipelas, but it came to nothing. Now Mr. Ripon has put down what amounts to an ultimatum by virtue of being in a strong war position with soap being what it is, and we have to swallow it willy nilly. Otherwise as Mr. Ripon points out it is quite havy-quavy to him if the Avenue residents have nothing but dirty shirts to go out in if they prefer that and houses with names and no numbers, as it will save him getting his books mucked up.

Mr. Tingle has tried to iron it out with Mr. Ripon but the latter being more expert in these particular matters says his decision is flat, so Mr. Tingle puts it to the Avenue tenants to swallow the firm stand they have been taking on the numbers question and put them up for the sake of peace even if they come down after the war. In shorts it is a case of climb down and

have clean shirts, and Mr. Ripon adds that in any case he could suggest much better names for some of the houses.

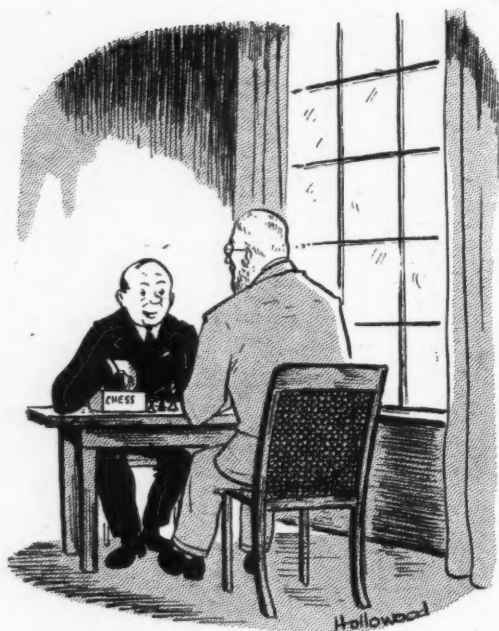
J. TINGLE,

Local Disputes Comm.



"We shan't 'alf fill up at Exeter!"

**T**HE Church Army Commissioner in the Middle East wishes to thank the reader who sends *Punch* each week for the men who use one of the Church Army Huts in Desert areas. This is an invaluable gift, and if any other friend cares to follow this example the address is The Commissioner, Church Army, Middle East, c/o A.C.G. Headquarters B.T.E., Middle East Forces.



"... and then that terrible winter of '07 when you took my pawn 'en passant'."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Mr. John Bailey's Johnson

*Dr. Johnson and His Circle* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 3/-) appeared shortly before the last war, and has now been reissued. Its author, JOHN BAILEY, was an Oxford don and a great admirer of Matthew Arnold, with whose mildly progressive politics and guarded preference for the romantic element in literature he was completely in sympathy. His view of Johnson, an unromantic Tory, is therefore conditioned by the illusion, also shared by Matthew Arnold, that the curious medley of æsthetic and moral prepossessions seething in a cultured Englishman towards the close of the nineteenth century implied a deeper and truer sense of reality than was attainable by someone imprisoned in the pre-French-Revolutionary age. Johnson, according to Mr. BAILEY, was a rough good-hearted John Bull, full of downright common sense, but without genius. "With an added store of brains and character," he says, "we might each have been Dr. Johnson. Before we could fancy ourselves Shelley or Keats the self that we know would have to be not developed but destroyed." Genius to Mr. BAILEY is a frail exotic plant, and the typical writer a "delicate, weakly, nervous, and probably valetudinarian sort of person." If a writer must resemble Poe or Baudelaire, Swinburne or Verlaine, in order to be a genius, Johnson is clearly ruled out, together with Goethe, Cervantes, Burns, Wordsworth, Tolstoi, Milton and a good few others. But if genius is a divination of the reality beneath the appearance of things, a large measure of it must be allowed to Johnson. His imagination was hampered by his melancholia, but he was essentially a poet, as is evident in his wit, which is concrete and poetic, not

abstract and intellectual. He impressed his contemporaries not as an ordinary man who was exceptionally articulate, but because he saw further than other people and could put what he saw into striking and original phrases. Inadequate about Johnson, Mr. BAILEY is misleading about Boswell, his account of whom is an expanded version of Carlyle's picture of a weak but loving and reverent soul. Boswell was intensely interested in the spectacle of life, and was therefore fascinated by Johnson's possibilities if treated by the great dramatic artist which he rightly felt himself to be. His portrait of Johnson is a wonderful and endlessly entertaining caricature, but a deeper and more human impression of Johnson can be formed from Mrs. Piozzi's account of him and from his own letters and prayers, and certain passages in *Rasselas* and *The Rambler*. Mr. BAILEY's sketch, which is enlivened by many quotations from Johnson's talk and writings, is pleasantly written, but on the whole throws less light on Johnson than on the general outlook of a cultured Englishman at the beginning of this century.

H. K.

#### Half a Loaf

There is hardly a family in France which does not regard a country background as desirable for children. At the worst they are kept in the provinces with the grandparents; at the best the heads of the household combine some sort of rural proprietorship with another profession or trade. England is so abnormally urbanized that it is difficult to do this. But it can be done, and Mr. GERALD MILLAR, who travels four hours of every working day in order to spend his home life in the heart of East Anglia, has done it. His wife and children enjoy simplicity, quiet, beauty and good food all the year round. He himself has no regrets, even in the depths of winter. The *Part-Time Countryman* (FABER, 7/6) learns to watch his rural neighbour as sympathetically as a naturalist watches a bird, and to find in dialect the natural beauty of bird-song. And the sound human quality of his happiness is expressed here with delightful delicacy, competence and conviction. Among bombs and land-mines he is grateful to the war for having turned us to food-production; and his wife adds wholeheartedly "Thanks to the war, I have been able to educate my daughters."

H. P. E.

#### Gulliver

Mr. WINSTON CLEWES has jerked to turbulent life one of the most awkward cross-grained defenders of the public that ever passed across the pages of history. *The Violent Friends* (JOSEPH, 8/6) is a chapter, without particular beginning or end, from the life of Jonathan Swift, mordant pamphleteer and poet, idol of the Dublin mob as the secret though well-known author of the *Drapier's Letters*, but remembered to-day mainly for *Gulliver's Travels*. Not a few of his epigrams have passed into common speech. Here he is shown in the most fantastic of perpetual overbearing bad tempers, plagued by sickness indeed, at odds with the world because politics have gone sour on him, sore because he is only a dean when he thinks he ought to be a bishop, but most of all bothered to bits by his platonic entanglement with two quite charming but mutually conflicting women. To his problem, which for both of them is miserable tragedy, no solution is forthcoming except perhaps that he can shake off the whole complex annoyance and forget it. One feels that within a year or two of the last pages he may so far have buried the incident in the vast depths of his self-esteem that he will have lost their very names. This is work of a very high standard, gloomy and sometimes ugly, but of a kind to be independent of all but literary appeal.

C. C. P.

### "Accuse Not Nature . . ."

An early and ardent admirer of "Screwtape" may be pardoned for feeling, within sound of Mr. C. S. LEWIS's theological broadcasts, the qualms experienced by *Jane Eyre* under the admonitions of the Reverend Cyrus Brocklebank. Is theology really so hellish? Mr. LEWIS's ruthless gusto for the fiercer implications of Christianity arises, no doubt, from a sound sense of what we are losing, here and hereafter, if we refuse to lend ourselves to the purposes of Christ. What these are, and why we want theology—which is a sort of map of the divine campaign—it is the object of *Beyond Personality* (CENTENARY PRESS, 2/6) to expound. The map is abundantly justified. The campaign is by no means so clear and is complicated by the author's curiously heterodox tendency to equate "nature" and "sin." Nature, however, is *quoddam instrumentum Dei*—the lyre of the Divine Orpheus; and he is not likely to quarrel with his own instrument, though we must let him play his own tune on it. So when Mr. LEWIS suggests that he wishes to "kill" our "natural self" we just dig in with *Jane Eyre*; or, more gracefully, riposte with the Collect for Good Friday: "Oh, merciful God, who hast made all men . . . and hatest nothing that thou hast made . . ."

H. P. E.

### A Misfire

An account by a novelist who has had one great success of his attempts to repeat it, though it might not sell widely, would probably be much more interesting to read than the attempts themselves. It will soon be twenty years since *Jew Süss*, but LION FEUCHTWANGER has not yet found a second theme to evoke in anything like the same degree the attraction which *Jew Süss* had for the reading public. With what expense of hard and painful thought he arrived at the plot of his latest romance, *Simone* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 8/6), can only be conjectured. It is probable, however, that once it had occurred to him to double the interest of the fall of France by associating it with the story of Joan of Arc, the rest was easy going. *Simone*, "a healthy, somewhat lanky girl of fifteen," is the niece of a garage proprietor in Burgundy. Under the shock of the German invasion she identifies herself with Joan of Arc. No doubt Mr. FEUCHTWANGER felt that he could not plausibly carry this identification so far as to picture *Simone* superseding General de Gaulle. In her reveries she lives through as many of Joan of Arc's experiences as are contained in the authorities consulted by Mr. FEUCHTWANGER, but her only deed in actual life is to burn down her uncle's garage in order to deprive the Germans of its lorries and petrol. One expects a firing-squad, but even this modest expectation is disappointed, and the story ends with *Simone* on her way to a reformatory at Francheville.

H. K.

### Giselle

It has been the dream of every young dancer in the last hundred years to be chosen one day for the title-rôle in *The Ballet Called Giselle* (published by the author, CYRIL W. BEAUMONT, 21/-). *Giselle* is the village maid who had such a passion for dancing that after she lost her reason and killed herself for love she became a Wili—a dancing sprite. The first half of Mr. BEAUMONT's book is devoted to the history of the ballet and its creators—Jules Perrot, the Nijinsky and Fokine of his day; Carlotta Grisi, who first danced the title-rôle; Adolphe Adam, who wrote the music; and the joint authors of the "book," Théophile Gautier and Vernoy de Saint-Georges, a dandy whose exquisite susceptibilities would not permit him to bathe

in the sea without first emptying into it several bottles of the choicest eau-de-Cologne. Lovers of the dance on either side of the footlights will derive profit as well as pleasure from Mr. BEAUMONT's well-produced volume. He regards no detail of technique, interpretation, costume or décor as too small to be unworthy of attention; and he roundly condemns those who would try to modernize this perfect period-piece of the romantic era.

D. C. B.

### Sideshow

It is good to learn that all proceeds from the publication of Miss V. SACKVILLE WEST's book, *The Women's Land Army* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 5/-), are to go to the W.L.A. Benevolent Fund, since we owe our daily bread not only to the Navies, ploughing grey furrows, but to women who have learned to plough straight ones and bear the burden and heat as well as the sog and the mush of the day. Miss SACKVILLE WEST does not eulogize them. She deplores the way they tend to mix uniform with not-so-plain clothes, quotes a girl who said she was "allergic to cows," says she has sometimes wished (she was a W.L.A. official) never to see a land-girl again; and then, all the more effectively because of her frankness, tells of their magnificent work and struggles through things even worse than British weather. She describes how seventeen-year-old Grace Lilian Harrison, B.E.M., won her decoration for working under German machine-gun fire on a farm where only two sheep were lost though two hundred shells had fallen, and remarked: "But the war is only a sideshow after all. The real show is the farm." We are told about rat-hunting girls and Timber Corps girls, shepherdesses (far removed from Dresden) and gardeners, and also about the excellent "Relative Work Outputs of Women." Altogether it is a most lively and human piece of work. The sixty-two pages of excellent photographs speak as well for the land-girl as the text does.

B. E. B.



"I AM watching for the dicky-bird."



## Pundit's Spell

**H**AD it been a harp instead of a horse Mr. Winniways would have known what to do. He played the harp in a very good orchestra indeed, and had his instrument fallen he would have known exactly how to pick it up. But a horse was a different party altogether.

Mr. Winniways blinked at the animal, whose driver had apparently evaporated. Then he approached it timorously, he never having had much to do with horses. He was wishing that the street had been less secluded, and had put out a cautious hand when an authoritative voice from somewhere over his shoulder called "Get hold of its head!"

Automatically Mr. Winniways grasped that horizontal bit of bridle passing just above the nose. As soon as it felt a hand upon it the horse, which had been reclining inanimately between the shafts, attempted to rise. There was a terrific heave, parts of harness jangled threateningly and the horse's shoes struck pyrotechnics from the asphalt. Mr. Winniways was scared and might have let go had not the authoritative voice boomed again. "Hold on, there!"

There was a confidence about the voice that suggested a chair of professorship in the science of horse-raising. Mr. Winniways was clubbed into thinking that at least he was in safe hands, although there was a little surprise at the back of his mind, since his previous experience of fallen horses was that the larger authorities pushed

the lesser aside in the rush to lay hands on the animal. The horse, having failed, was now back on the ground but obviously girding itself for another attempt. Mr. Winniways, who saw what was coming, badly wanted to release his hold, and might have done so but for the look in the horse's eyes. It seemed to be imploring him, as one pal to another, to stay alongside.

Then it made its second effort. For a full minute Mr. Winniways had the impression that he was clinging to the prow of a ship dipping into a bumpy sea.

"Stick to it, now!" came the voice.

And it was here that Mr. Winniways saw the man. He was large and florid, and he wore a black soft hat with a magnificent overcoat. Mr. Winniways did not see him immediately and as a whole, rather did he piece him together from different angles. During the horse's contortions he first of all got a side slant, and although many of the later segments were of the man in his normal upright position, at least one was viewed from virtually upside-down.

At last the horse regained its feet, but a lot of straps and things had become loose and it was still jerky.

"Unhook that side-chain!" was the next command.

Although the spell was now wearing a trifle thin, Mr. Winniways moved to do as he was bidden. The process was not easy. The chain was slack and taut in turn, and when he did get a grip on the hook the horse tugged and trapped his thumb. But he contrived

to unhook the chain. Indeed, quite unexpectedly the horse strolled from between the shafts and stood gently to one side. Mr. Winniways released his hold on it and put the hand with the trapped thumb into his overcoat pocket. His instructor stepped from the pavement and took hold of the horse's head.

It was at this stage that a man with "WATER" on his lapels and the horse's woman driver came in view. The water-man was pigeon-toed through balancing himself on plugs whilst releasing water. The woman driver looked old beyond her years owing to her hair and eyebrows being covered with white lint. Mr. Winniways began to walk away. He heard the water-man congratulate the florid man on having raised the horse. The driver offered fulsome thanks, although she glanced ruefully at the tangled harness. The man basked in both effusions and was commencing a dissertation on fallen horses when Mr. Winniways passed out of earshot.

Initially he was inclined to feel a little bitter. But when he discovered that his smarting thumb would not affect his playing his usual benignity supervened. At the same time he now says that the arm-chair boys are even better away from smoke-rooms than in them. He appears to be convinced that they will ride in the Victory Procession unless those charged with the interests of Field Marshal Montgomery and his colleagues keep very much on the alert.



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*Points and Mr. Disraeli*

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**ARREST  
INFECTION!**

Make Wright's  
the 'rule' for the  
Toilet and Nursery.  
Kind to the  
tenderest skin.

**WRIGHT'S**  
COAL TAR SOAP

ONE TABLET  
ONE COUPON





"What  
pleasant memories  
come to me of  
your untroubled  
days of peace."

**Schweppes**



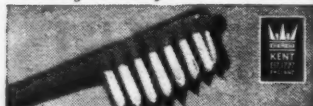
*The modern treatment  
for Colds*

**VAPEX**

A Drop on your Handkerchief  
Like many other good things  
Vapex had to make way for  
more imperatively urgent needs.  
Throughout the war pharma-  
ceutical work of national im-  
portance has taken and must take  
first place. Normal conditions  
will bring a return of Vapex

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.  
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England

*Safeguard Your Teeth!*



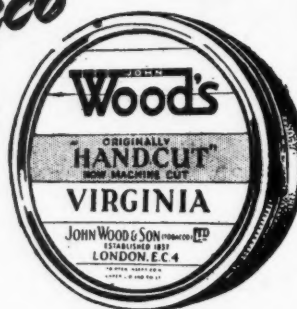
With **KENT** Exclusive  
**BLENDED BRISTLES**

- AVOID ABRASIVE ACTION.
- PREVENT INJURY TO ENAMEL AND GUMS.

**KENT OF LONDON**  
*Best British Brushes*

*The Tobacco*

IN THREE STRENGTHS  
**MILD—MEDIUM—FULL**  
at **3/0½d.** per ounce



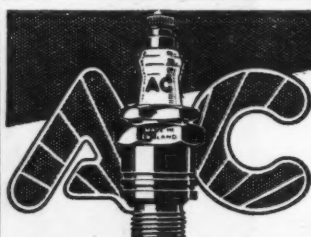
**BRYLCREEM**

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

Yes they are, so don't give up hope. Keep trying and you may be the lucky one next time; when you are please make your bottle of Brylcreem go as far as possible.

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

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**MADE IN ENGLAND**

*as always—  
a quality product*

ESTABLISHED  
1837.

**VENT-AXIA**  
for  
better  
air  
conditions



VENT-AXIA LTD  
4 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, W.1  
AND AT GLASGOW & MANCHESTER

*Robinson  
& Cleaver*  
FINE LINENS & HANDKERCHIEFS  
LONDON, BELFAST AND LIVERPOOL

**ON THE CONTINENT**

Fully equipped Church Army Mobile Canteens are already operating. Our experienced workers are there! On every war front The Church Army is giving invaluable service. This vital work urgently needs financial support so that widespread services may be expanded. Please cross cheques Barclays at Church Army, and send to the Rev. H. H. TREACTER, General Secretary and Head, THE CHURCH ARMY Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1. (Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

USE A LITTLE  
**Gumption**



**SMOOTH PASTE CLEANSER**



PRICES:  
SIZE TWO 1/-  
SIZE FIVE 2/-  
SUPPLIES LIMITED  
**GUMPTION PRODUCTS LTD**  
LONDON, W.C.1





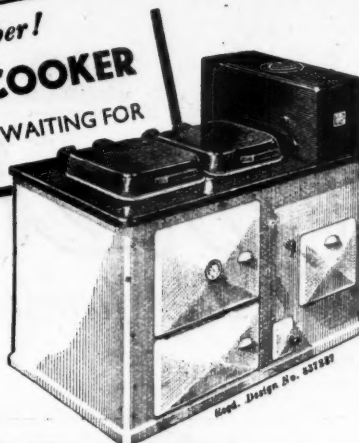
Why does  
**VOTRIX**  
VERMOUTH  
cost you so little?

In these times of scarcity it could be sold at more than twice the present price but the producers have no need to do so. Everyone knows that in wartime price is not always an indication of value. Votrix is the best vermouth obtainable, equal in quality to any of the formerly imported Continental vermouths.

Votrix (sweet or dry) at 8/6 the bottle, is the price of Britain's Best Vermouth.

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.

Remember!  
**THE "AB" COOKER**  
IS WELL WORTH WAITING FOR



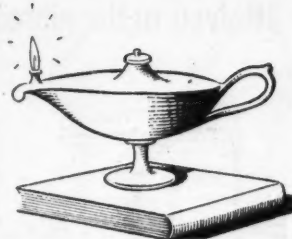
- **Cooking and Water Heating** combined in one unit.
- **Big Fuel Economy** Ensured through automatic fuel feed.
- **Food Values Are Retained** by balanced distribution of heat.
- **High Temperatures Are Available** at a moment's notice.

You Are Invited . . .  
to visit the Demonstration Kitchen  
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the "AB" Cooker works—also get  
advice on your war-time  
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COMBINING COOKING & WATER-HEATING  
(Controlled by Federated Foundries, Ltd.)



"In the present  
state of medical  
knowledge . . ."

Never have doctors been more ready to admit that tomorrow's discoveries may reverse today's beliefs. Yet every test and experiment confirms the fact that nerves, to keep healthy, need organic phosphorus and protein. And that is only another way of saying that they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for 'Sanatogen' contains organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination. Ask your chemist for a tin.

**'SANATOGEN'**  
Regd. Trade Mark  
NERVE TONIC

In one size only during war time—  
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'GENATOSAN' Product.



H. L. SHORTLAND  
master shoemaker  
and designer of  
the Wearra Shoe.

Fit WEARRA SHOES  
AND HAVE  
fit feet

Slim, medium, and broad fittings  
in each size and half-size.

CC4  
**Wearra**  
MULTIPLE FITTING  
SHOES  
for Men and their Sons

Did you put  
**MARMITE**  
in that  
stew?



Your family will know! Marmite makes the best cooking taste even better. And because Marmite is a concentrated Yeast extract which provides vitamins of the B group, it adds health-giving nourishment. Use Marmite to improve all soups, stews, gravies, pies and rissoles. Marmite makes delicious and sustaining sandwiches too.



This world famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER, MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King, Wigmores St. W.1

## History in the making



32 years

before the building of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris was completed—to commemorate Napoleon's victories—the firm of Seager Evans was founded. With a record of 139 years of fine distilling they still produce the unrivalled

# SEAGERS GIN

25/3  
Full size  
bottle

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Half  
bottle

1805

*Cherish your*  
**VANTELLA**  
SHIRTS AND  
"VAN HEUSEN"  
COLLARS

*-they are scarce!*

**ALL ROUND OUR  
COASTS..**

A Cheshire  
Coxswain

...the Life-boats and their heroic crews are taking their part in the war. It has put an extra strain upon them. Please make an extra effort to supply the funds that maintain the National Life-boats. Send us whatever you can afford.



**ROYAL NATIONAL  
LIFE-BOT INSTITUTION**  
Life-boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.  
The Earl of Harrowby, Hon. Treasurer  
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# Cerebos

The "finest" salt



**REFRIGERATION  
WILL GAIN FROM  
EXPERIENCE  
IN WAR**

**Over Enemy Territory . . .** Air photography, so vitally important in modern war, owes much to Prestcold Refrigeration. Photographic apparatus is accurately tested for operation under high-altitude conditions by means of specially designed Prestcold cabinets installed in the factory. And famous lens and aeronautical instrument manufacturers trust in Prestcold air-conditioning plant to ensure stringent temperature and humidity conditions. Experience gained in aerial warfare will be used by Prestcold engineers to the great benefit of the kitchen of the future when their unique experience will enable them to take the lead in making refrigerators at low cost for every class of home. Serving the cause of Victory, they are ever alert to the needs of Peace.



## PRESTCOLD

DOMESTIC, COMMERCIAL, INDUSTRIAL,  
BIOLOGICAL AND MEDICAL.

Refrigeration

A PRODUCT OF THE PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LIMITED

*'Absence makes . . .*

Well, you know the rest. Fortts BATH OLIVER Biscuits are still on sale in the shops. But supplies are restricted owing to wartime conditions. When peace is here you will again be able to have all you want.

FORTTS

## Bath Oliver BISCUITS



BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

Here's to  
Victory  
and Peace  
when she  
will ride  
her famous  
**JAMES**  
for pleasure!



Cycles, Autocycles, Motorcycles

THE JAMES CYCLE COMPANY LTD.  
GREET · BIRMINGHAM

Still available  
"CARASADA"  
CIGARS

especially the INTERMEZZO size  
5½ inches long, at 30/- per box of  
25, post free.

After the war we hope to  
resume offering WINES of all  
descriptions.

**GREENS LTD.**

Cigar &amp; Wine Merchants

37/38, Royal Exchange, Cornhill,  
London, E.C.3.**PROTECT YOUR HANDS**

Flexible, durable, comfortable. Do  
not harden. From Ironmongers and  
Stores. 2/6 post 3d. One coupon  
per pair.



## Andy

**GARDEN GLOVES**

TEDSON, THORNLEY &amp; CO., ROCHDALE

## Pedigree

PRAMS &amp; FOLDERS

All the best babies have them

**L.B.LTD. London****EPHEDROL**RELIEVES COLDS  
AND CATARRHA "sniff" at bedtime  
clears the nasal passagesChemists, 1/6 & 3/4 (including  
Purchase Tax), or post-free fromCLAY & ABRAHAM LTD.  
LIVERPOOL. Est. 1813. C.E.8a

FOR

**Sciatica**  
and all kindred ills  
the remedy is  
**CURICONES**

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE

# RONUK

FOR POLISHING FLOORS

## What has sand to do with paint?



Slow-drying paints pick up foreign particles which spoil their finish. So Jenson & Nicholson Ltd. use a sand test to make sure that all their paints and varnishes conform to the optimum drying time for the particular kind of work for which they are designed. A strip of paper coated with the finish is revolved slowly, and sand dropped on it at regular intervals. The drying time is noted by the extent to which the sand adheres to the film. There's no building of "sand castles in the air" so far as the scientists at Jenson & Nicholson Ltd. are concerned—they realise their finishes must withstand the "sands of time." To-day, nearly all the output of Jenson & Nicholson Ltd. is showing its reliability on war work—that's why paint for ordinary purposes is not available. When peace returns Robbialac Finishes will be ready to meet all needs and to help the country in the task of reconstruction.

JENSON & NICHOLSON LTD.

# ROBBIALAC PAINTS

LONDON, E.15

## NOW AT YOUR SERVICE for Vital War Work

We are glad to be able to announce that Kango Electric Hammers can now be supplied against I (A) Priority requirements (only) for really vital war work.

### The KANGO ELECTRIC HAMMER

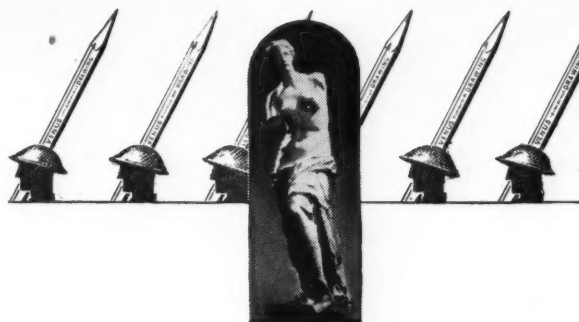
has many special War uses, including—

- Work in connection with reinforcing Air Raid Shelters
- Drilling holes in floors for Rawlbolts for installing machinery
- De-scaling furnaces, boilers and tanks
- Ramming fireclay into furnaces
- Rescue work where holes need cutting through concrete, brick, etc.
- Any other work where holes have to be drilled, or cutting away has to be done in concrete, brick and stone
- We shall be glad to have particulars of your requirements

# KANGO

## ELECTRIC HAMMER

MANSION'S MOTOR CO LTD, MORDEN FACTORY ESTATE, LONDON, SW19



## Weapons of War

MORE and more pencils are needed every day to design the weapons that are still the key to victory—Tanks, ships, aeroplanes. That is why pencils made by the Venus Pencil Company are in such heavy demand for vital war industry. Branded lines, extra grades, fine finish and luxury workmanship—

these must give way temporarily to the needs of war—but the traditional standard of Venus quality still remains.

The public can still obtain and depend upon the standardised "War Drawing" (in 7 grades) and "Utility" (Blacklead, Copying and Coloured) Pencils now produced by the Venus Pencil Co.

# VENUS

Still stands for Quality in Pencils

The Venus Pencil Co. Ltd., Lower Clapton Road, London, E.5.



A good cook need never be at a loss. Just a little LEMCO BEEF EXTRACT puts the rich flavour of beef into all dishes.

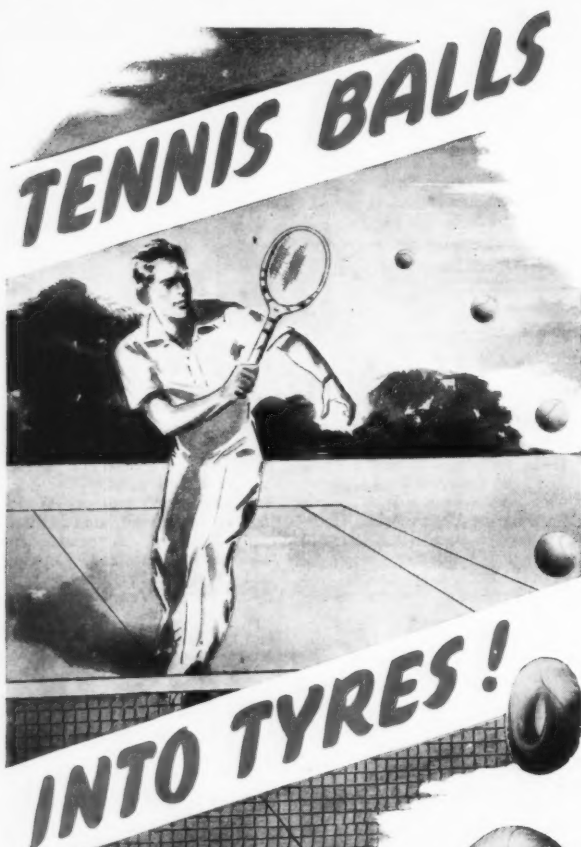
# LEMCO

THE ORIGINAL  
Concentrated Beef Extract

One pound of LEMCO contains the concentrated juices of over 30 pounds of prime beef.

PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED, LONDON





ALL the rubber and man-power that formerly went to the production of Dunlop Tennis Balls are now used in making Dunlop Tyres for the Services.

PART OF THE

**DUNLOP**

**WAR EFFORT!**



### BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



*Marcovitch*  
**BLACK AND WHITE**  
*cigarettes for Virginia smokers*

Flat 15 for 2/3 - 25 for 3/9  
100 for 15/-

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**  
2 oz. tin 5/10

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD IN THEIR 100th YEAR